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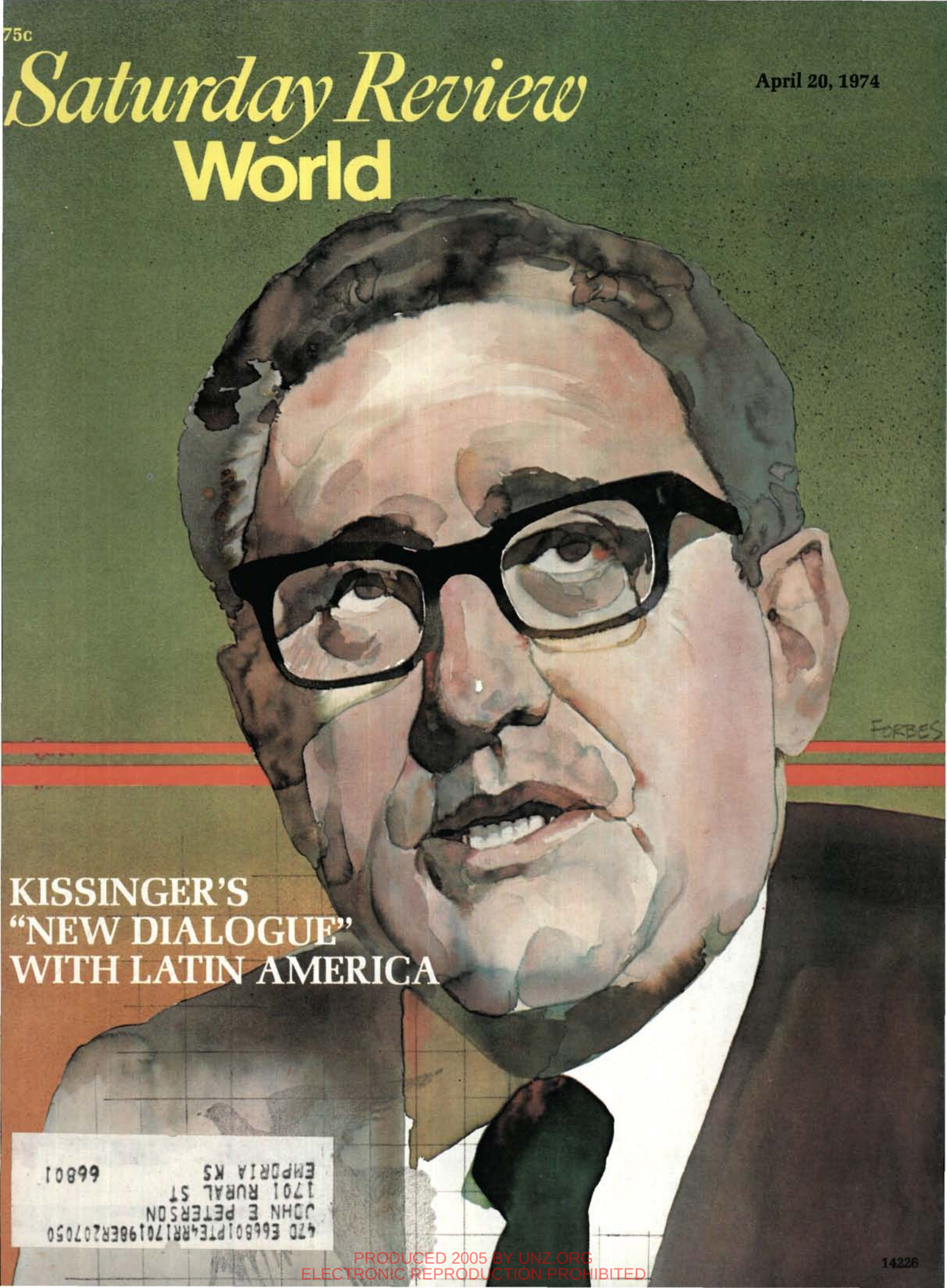
Saturday Review World

April 20, 1974



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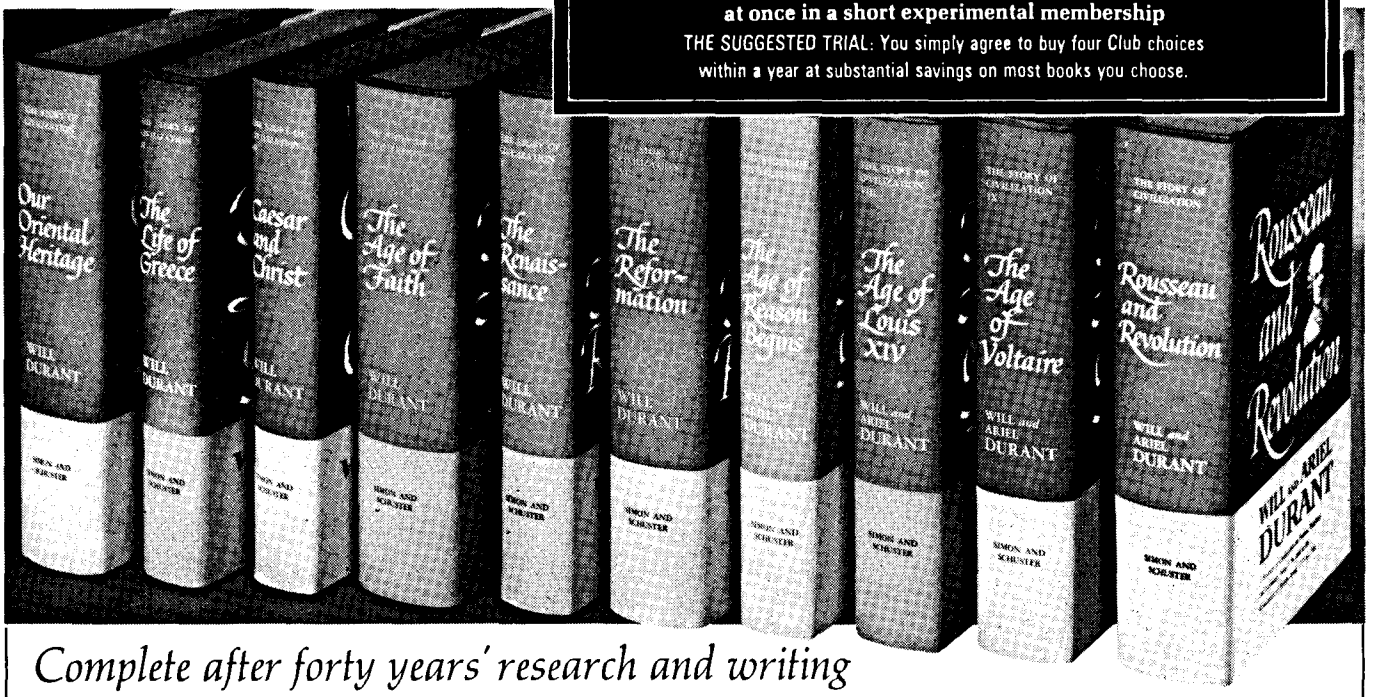

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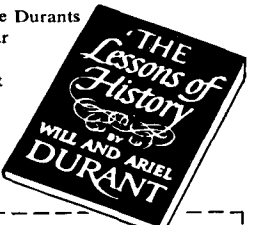

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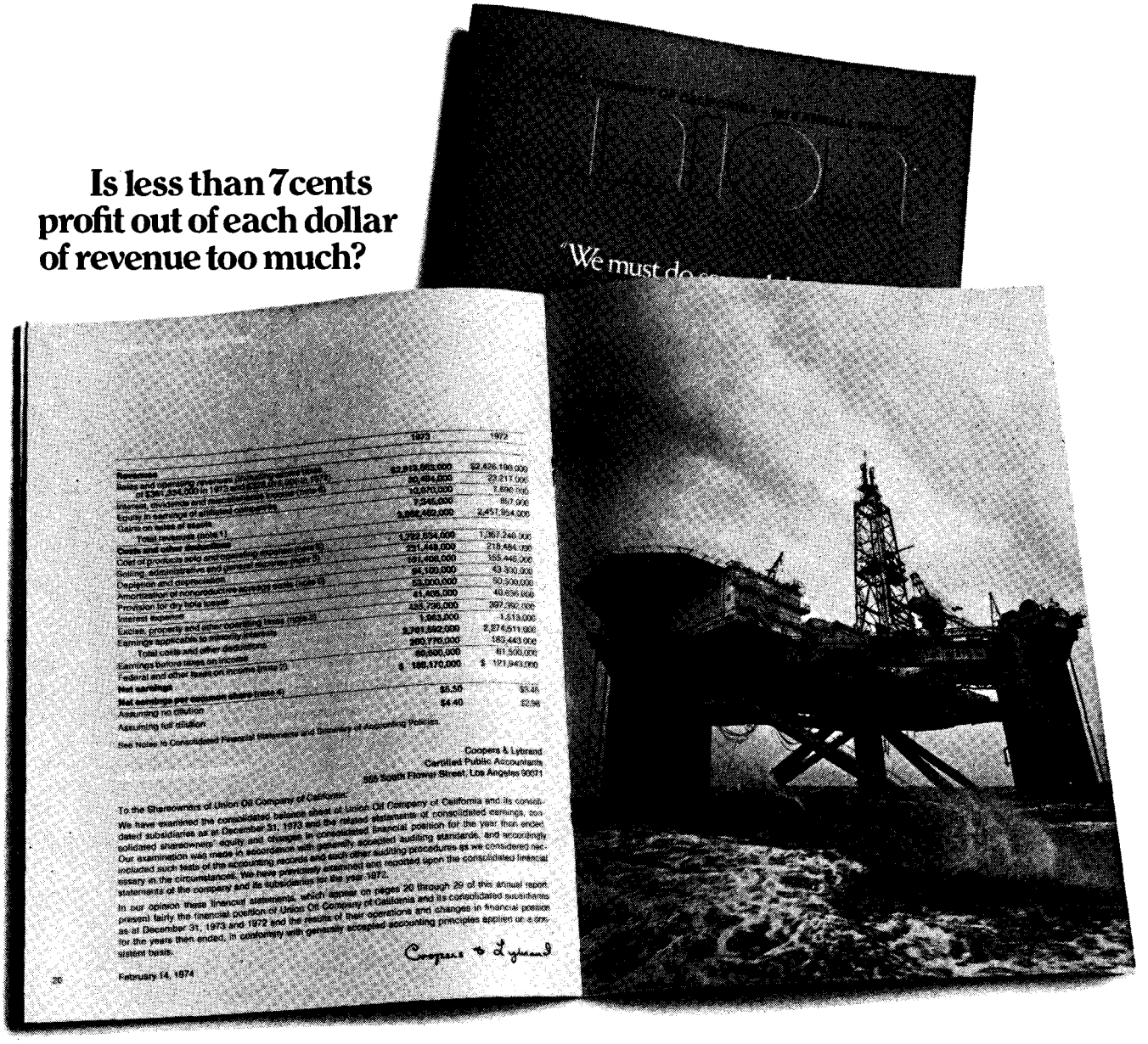

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Terror at the Top

From one end of the world to the other, people are sickened by the way terror is disfiguring human society.

They are aghast when a gunman fires into a car carrying Princess Anne and her husband, Capt. Mark Phillips, in a kidnapping attempt. They are horrified by the monstrous irresponsibility of militants who use kidnapping as a means for forcing social progress. They are stunned when a madman, thinking himself a patriot, shoots his way onto a commercial airliner, intending to crash-dive it into the White House.

But what about terror employed by governments as an instrument of foreign policy? Why is there no indignation over the fact that the largest nations in the world openly pursue their objectives through a balance-of-terror strategy? Both the United States and the Soviet Union seek credibility in their policies toward each other by possessing the means for setting off instant holocausts. Each country has access to a switchboard of total annihilation that can be activated by a fingertip.

NEW FORMS of authorized terror continue to spin off the apocalyptic assembly belts. The latest advance is the "smart bomb," which, it is said, will revolutionize warfare. Unlike the German buzz bombs of World War II, which exploded over the general vicinity of London, the new bombs have special features that ensure precision-targeting. Computers, lasers, and television combine to eliminate even the marginal errors of the vaunted Norden bombsight. The "smart bombs" can carry a nuclear payload.

News of this technological advance in man-made cataclysms has been received without any of the moral indignation that has attended news of still another hijacking or kidnapping. Nor has there been a public outcry over the fact that the United States and the Soviet Union, between them, possess nuclear stockpiles in excess of 75,000 megatons of explosive force. If only one-fourth of this power were to be used, life on earth could be severely jeopardized. A blanket of deadly radioactivity could settle over the globe.

In this sense, the entire human race today is hostage to the balance-of-terror strategies of the nuclear powers.

It is a mistake to suppose that terror is only a tactic and that there is no real intention of going all the way. The balance-of-terror theory works only if each side can convince the other it is fully prepared to let fly with everything at its command. The result is nuclear brinkmanship, not exactly synonymous with restraint. After a while, terror takes on a life of its own. It sculpts the minds of those who live closest to it. It creates its own view of the world. The trouble with this approach, of course, is that since everyone does the same thing, no one feels any more secure than he did when he started. So next year there will be no more security than last year, but the cost will be twice as high, and life on earth will be more barren and strained than is flattering to human intelligence.

Even more serious than the fact of terror at the top is the fact of its acceptance from below. People tend not to react to terror when it is directed at the species itself. It is not just that the human mind cannot comprehend a manufactured holocaust. There is a tendency to suspend moral judgments about military policy or foreign policy. People don't expect governments to be guided by moral considerations in matters of security. The term "national security" is freighted with connotations of ultimate purpose and importance. Whatever goes on in the national arsenals—whether with respect to the new "smart bombs" or the poisonous aerosol (a single droplet of which can stop the human heart) or the old multi-megaton explosives that can cancel out thousands of years of civilization—all these new developments are accepted as protective functions of nations. Government is somehow regarded as the benevolent intermediary that combats threats to life expectancy and well-being.

The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) between the United States and the Soviet Union are significant mainly for the fact that they are the most important part of the constructive process known as détente. But the negotiations have not provided assurances that the capacity to inflict a holocaust on the world has been brought under control. So far, SALT has not addressed itself to the elimination or even the reduction of the nuclear stockpiles.

We can keep on hoping that the SALT negotiations at some point will hit pay dirt, but the best chance that they will do so depends on the pressure of public opinion rather than on any bursts of initiative by the negotiating parties. It is here—in the field of public opinion—that the real issue will be tested. That issue is whether people will apply to government the same moral yardsticks that apply to the rest of human society. The special exemptions that people tend to make for foreign policy no longer fit into the requirements of rational survival. We can count on it that governments will make moral judgments in the formation of their foreign policies when their own political survival depends on it.

N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Historical Bugaboos

In the generally perceptive review of Merle Miller's *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman* (*Books*, February 23), John P. Roche makes one statement that, for history's sake, I do not think should be allowed to pass. He writes: "FDR . . . loved to bug phones. The first time the FBI courier arrived with the week's transcripts, Truman took one look at them and abruptly ordered an end to what he saw as an egregious violation of privacy."

I am sure this entire statement is incorrect. I served FDR for the last three years of his life, first as administrative assistant and in the last months as his press secretary. If Roosevelt had done any "bugging," I am sure I would have been aware of it. Certainly, Truman . . . never mentioned any such operations that he thought should be discontinued. I remained as Truman's press secretary for some weeks after he became President, and I would have known of any such change if there had been any.

I do have one transcript of a telephone conversation between myself and Truman on the night he took the presidential oath. The Office of War Information wanted a statement from him for world circulation to the effect that he would carry on the war with full vigor in the East and the West. I telephoned him at his apartment, and in order that he might dictate the statement, I had one of my secretaries transcribe the call. We had no bugging equipment to use.

I write only to keep the record straight. Present bugging and tape escapades or crimes cannot claim any precedents in the Rooseveltian time.

Jonathan Daniels
Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

Plainly English

Thankfully, you published Thomas H. Middleton's cogent comments on the use of *hopefully* to displace the entire main clause in sentences expressing the hopes of some unidentified person or persons (*Light Refractions*, February 23).

Fearfully, this murky style may spread to other areas of expression, resulting in speech like this:

• Joe, dear, expectantly I'm going to have a baby. Conceivably, anyway.

• Confidently, it will look like you. Thoughtlessly, like the meter reader!

• Wait, Joe, don't hang up. You know I didn't mean it that way. Don't you understand plain English?

Robert F. Hale
Bonita, California

From the Public Record

In the article about Ezra Pound, Archibald MacLeish is mistaken about some of the facts ("The Venetian Grave," February 9). Ezra Pound was never brought to trial. He pleaded not guilty to the charge of treason. Although it is true that his innocence or guilt was not determined, a finding of not guilty by reason of insanity was never made.

Following testimony . . . of expert witnesses at what was then called a lunacy inquisition, a jury found the defendant unfit to be tried because of mental illness. Nowadays, such a proceeding is called a hearing to determine mental competency to stand trial, and the issue is decided by a judge without a jury.

It was on the basis of mental incompetency for trial that Pound was committed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital. . . . Often it would have been easy for him to walk away, although to do so was not a matter of good judgment because then he would have been considered a fugitive from justice since the treason charge was still pending. Neither he nor his lawyer ever petitioned the court for a speedy trial. He was released from the hospital only when the government was persuaded to drop the charge and the case was dismissed by the court.

Had Pound been committed as not guilty by reason of insanity, the hospital staff would have been in a position to recommend his release as a matter of medical opinion. Under the circumstances, during all the years of his confinement the medico-legal question was not whether he was well enough to be released but merely whether he had become fit for trial.

George D. Weickhardt, M.D.
Alexandria, Virginia

Aping Humans

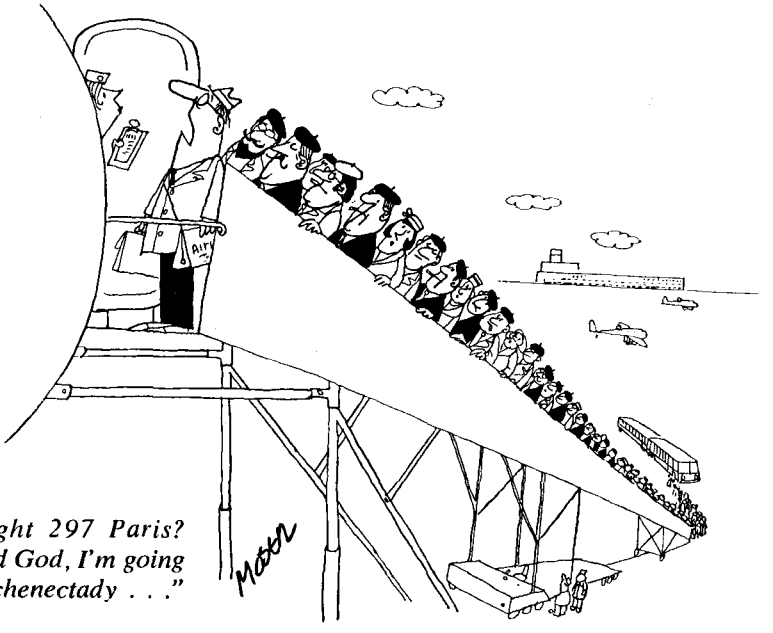
Please cancel my subscription to *SR/W*. I was shocked beyond imagining when I read the review of *The Darwinian Inversion* by Stefan Bronowicz (*Books in Brief*, April 6). I don't care how much evidence Mr. Bronowicz presents. The notion that the human species is not descended from apes but gave rise to apes is so far afield that I almost become apoplectic when I even think of it. No matter what the so-called New Anthropologists of the British Institute may say, I submit that this new theory is completely without scientific foundation and that it should never have been published, let alone reviewed by *SR/W*.

George Hammers
Chicago, Illinois

The Bias in Objective Opinions

I was surprised by Sidney Hook's piece ("Don't Politicize the University," January 12). I thought almost everyone un-

(Continued on page 46.)



"Flight 297 Paris? Good God, I'm going to Schenectady . . ."

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The Coming Energy Glut

by Norman Macrae

Ever since World War II the economists have intermittently gone crazy in their medium-term forecasts. The craziness takes this form: Everybody suddenly and portentously announces that some particular product is going to be in desperately short supply for all the rest of our lives. Then, within five to ten years of these dire forecasts, the world has almost invariably come up with a nearly unsalable glut of that particular product and its substitutes.

There are strong reasons for supposing that we are doing this to oil and energy now. It is fashionable to say that mankind has reached the end of the age of cheap and plentiful energy and that there has been a permanent shift of the balance of world power in favor of the oil-producing countries. My guess is that we are more likely by the end of this decade to have cheaper energy running out of our ears and that the oil-producing nations may be in for a nasty shock. There are two main reasons for the accentuation of the traditional game of "cheat the trendy prophet" since World War II, and both are rather technical: (a) modern technology has greatly increased what the economists call the elasticities of supply and substitution for most products; and (b) there now seem to be rather surprisingly equal lead times before the introduction (and to some extent before the completion) of most investment projects. When every commentator loudly proclaims that something is going to be most desperately short for a long time to come, every consensus-seeking government and every profit-seeking entrepreneur hurries to start up the cycle of overproduction of that product and its substitutes at precisely the same time.

Perhaps we in Europe had the opportunity of seeing first after World War II how flexible the supply of supposedly scarce products had become. As the war ended, we were told Europe would be desperately and lastingly short of coal. Instead, within a few years two-thirds of Europe's coal mines had been closed as uneconomical. Then the experts proclaimed an everlasting shortage of goods that would otherwise have been manufactured in the "shattered rubble heaps" of Germany and Japan. Yet within a decade both countries were near the top of the world export leagues. Next, we were harrowed by predictions that food from temperate areas, especially dairy produce, would be permanently short. But again, within a decade Western Europe was groaning under the weight of mountains of surplus butter.

BEFORE LONG, the U.S. economy became the object of wrongheaded, trendy forecasts. By the end of the Forties commentators were saying that the world outside the United States would go on suffering from a lasting "dollar gap." As a result, all the rest of the world encouraged dollar-exporting industries and dollar-importing controls, and the United States poured enormous amounts of private capital and government aid into establishing manufacturing facilities abroad instead of at home. Thus the world entered into twenty years of a dollar glut.

By 1951 the Paley report was suggesting to Congress that raw-material prices would keep rising forever; instead, some took until 1970 to regain their 1951 peak. During the Korean War it was said that sulfur was running out, because it could be produced economically only by two U.S. corporations, called Freeport and Texas Gulf, whose method was to pump hot water into particular sorts of sulfur domes found only in the southern United States. The free-market price of sulfur thereupon rose from $15 to $100 a ton, and the then-president of Britain's Board of Trade (a certain Mr. Harold Wilson) lamented that the effects on British industrial production of U.S. restrictions on the export of sulfur would be "grave, incalculable, immeasurable." The upshot was that almost every industrial country joined in a Sulfur Exploration Syndicate that found sulfur galore in Iraq, Poland, Mexico, and many other places, as well as new economical ways of extracting it. Within two years sulfur supplies were abundant, prices were falling below pre-crisis levels, and companies that had begun to convert their plants to use differ-

(Continued on page 10.)

Norman Macrae is deputy editor of the Economist *of London.*

"It could go either way. The Muses have immortality on their side, but the Supreme Court has a better grasp of the rules."

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World Progress Report

Affairs of the Heart

Heart attacks—sudden irregularities in the vital organ's relentless rhythm—bring abrupt death to some four hundred thousand Americans each year. Doctors who study heart attacks are challenged by recent advances in emergency treatment that promise to restore many formerly doomed victims to normal life—if only the attack can be diagnosed promptly or, better yet, predicted and the proper treatment supplied.

What the doctors are looking for is the cause of ventricular fibrillation, a failure in the heart's built-in electric pacemaker. Recently, doctors at Harvard's School of Public Health have demonstrated what many researchers—poets as well as physicians—have always intuitively known: not only physical disease but also mental and emotional stress can cause the heart to skip a beat.

Using dogs as experimental subjects, the researchers have been able to induce fibrillation with carefully measured electric shocks. Their findings indicate that it requires far less current to trigger a fatal heart attack in a dog when it is under psychological stress than when it is at rest. "It is becoming clearer," says Dr. Bernard Lown, head of the Harvard group, "that a major trigger for many serious and abnormal heart rhythms is not the heart, but the brain and central nervous system."

Indeed, Dr. Lown found his dogs' hearts so sensitive to emotional factors that their reaction to electric shock could be affected by a change in laboratory personnel. Such relatively minor emotional shocks, Dr. Lown points out, can cause a fatal jolt to hearts that are already electrically unstable.

The Harvard team found that in humans relief from emotional stress in restful sleep was more effective in controlling dangerous heart rhythms than the most powerful heart drugs were. From these experiments, Dr. Lown's group has devised a series of tests to identify subjects with electrically unstable hearts. Once identified, the high-risk hearts can be treated to reduce the likelihood of an abrupt episode.

One problem preventing the effective treatment of heart attacks is the difficulty of telling for sure when one has happened. The standard diagnostic technique depends on a variety of factors: the patient's medical history and reported symptoms, a physical examination including an electrocardiogram, and a series of blood tests. All this is time-consuming, and the results are sometimes ambiguous. While the tests are being done, the apparent heart-attack victim is usually sent to a hospital cardiac-care unit, just to be on the safe side. If the problem turns out to be gas or any of the other ailments that often masquerade as heart attacks, the only loss is in hospital time and the patient's money.

Still, evidence from autopsies suggests that as many as 40 percent of all heart attacks go undiagnosed at the time of their occurrence. Either they are not accompanied by the usual symptoms, or they are too subtle to be identified.

A promising test for detecting these unnoticed heart episodes and avoiding unnecessary hospitalization for mock attacks has been developed by Dr. Stanley H. Bernstein, of Hartford, Connecticut. His procedure identifies in the victim's urine a protein called myoglobin, which is normally found only in the cells of muscle tissue, including the heart. When the heart muscle is damaged in an attack, myoglobin from the cells escapes into the bloodstream, from which it passes into the urine to be excreted. The amount of the protein in the urine is too small to be detected even by standard laboratory tests. Basing his research on earlier work at Brookdale Hospital Center in Brooklyn by a group headed by Dr. Richard S. Levine, Dr. Bernstein has developed a test called a "radialimmunodiffusion assay" for revealing the minute protein concentrations.

The next step, which Dr. Bernstein expects will take another year of research, is to develop a test for myoglobin that can be performed easily at the patient's bedside or the scene of the attack, without resorting to laboratory procedures at all.

The state of Arizona, meanwhile, is attempting to deal with heart diseases of all kinds before they start, by treating preschool children and their families. The strategy is to monitor and control such factors as blood pressure, smoking, diet, exercise, and obesity, all of which have been implicated in the national epidemic of heart disease. The state program began last year with 10,000 families and is being expanded to 13,000 this year, based on a regimen developed by Dr. Glenn M. Friedman and his associates in private pediatric practice in Scottsdale.

The diet prescribed by the Friedman plan includes a reduction in daily protein intake to the amount recommended by the National Academy of Sciences—about half the amount consumed in the average American diet. The most severe restriction is placed on animal protein, which is high in the cholesterol and saturated fats associated with hardening of the arteries. Dr. Friedman also urges his patients to cut down on television viewing and other sedentary activities, substituting the healthier pleasures of swimming and bicycling as lifelong habits.

"The disease process and risk factors have their inception in the pediatric age group," warns the doctor, "where there is presently no significant screening or intervention. It is only when the problem emerges with a coronary or a stroke that we seem to get concerned. By then, it is too late." Although there is no scientific proof that Dr. Friedman's fitness program for children will have any effect on the rate of heart disease in adults and it will be decades before the results are in, experts agree that the Arizona program cannot help doing some good.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Remember how we all grew up wanting to be President?"

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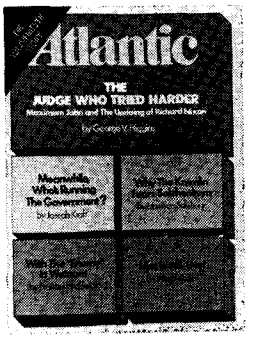

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(Continued from page 6.)

ent materials were turning around in mid-change and reconverting them.

Before long Russia's first *Sputnik,* in 1957, was said to be so far ahead of the West's conceivable technology that it would leave the United States forever at the back end of a "missile gap." Six years later the United States was preparing to fire its surplus rockets at the moon, and it was already dawning on us that we had made the infuriating mistake of diverting into our aerospace extravaganza far too much of the revolutionary new technology then beginning to emerge.

At about this time, another cry of doom was heard: There was going to be a worldwide shortage of university graduates, especially scientists. Inevitably, we began to overproduce science majors, so that in the end there were more of them than there were jobs.

The most trendy economic forecasts as we entered the Sixties were that limitless prospects lay before go-go business conglomerates, offshore investment funds, and high-technology ventures like Rolls-Royce. One could therefore tell, as surely as God made little apples, that these were the projects that would go bust. One belief particularly fashionable in America at this time was that "hidden persuaders" were making advertising all-powerful. This claim alerted skeptics to the likelihood that the United States would soon go into an excess of exaggerated Naderite consumerism. The scaremongers also warned that 300 multi-national corporations would soon control a huge proportion of the world's production (translation: "Don't send your son into the poor PR department of ITT"). In the mid-Sixties people began to believe there was a widening "technological gap" between the sophisticated American economy and those of Europe and Japan. To hardened skeptics, this suggested that the dollar would soon be devalued.

Meanwhile, we began believing that world birthrates were going to rise exponentially. This delusion came just after the greatest breakthroughs ever in birth-control technology and in birth-control attitudes right across both Christendom and Communistdom. Now people are realizing that it is much more logical to suppose birthrates per woman of marriageable age are going to go down—indeed, in the developed countries they have done so already.

Next, the United States led the world into the overdue, but soon trendily exaggerated, campaign for protection of the environment. It is, of course, entirely sensible to raise the proportion of the GNP spent on cleaning our air, land, and water from the previous 0.1 percent to perhaps 1–2 percent. But the rush for controls to keep any new pollution out of the biosphere (instead of economically giving incentives to take old pollution out of it) quickly reached a stage where it did much in the United States to create this year's so-called energy crisis—as witness the opposition to an Alaskan pipeline and the widespread contention over offshore and other oil drilling.

In 1973, the year of the "eco-nut," we were told (shades of the Paley report in 1951) that we were running out of raw materials at an accelerating pace—with doomsday looming not too far ahead. From that you can deduce, and I hereby prophesy, that the level of raw-material prices relative to industrial prices has reached a peak in fiscal 1973–74 that it will not reach again in this decade.

And now, on to this year of energy crisis, when we are being told that coal, gas, electricity, and gasoline are going to be scarce and expensive for all our lifetimes. All recent experience suggests this means only that by the end of this decade energy will go into an embarrassing glut. What has happened so far in the "energy crisis" is that the Arabs, under stress of political emotion in a very brief war, have led other oil producers into uneconomically raising the wellhead price for oil to a level that is about seventy times the marginal cost of producing oil in the easiest areas (such as Saudi Arabia) and about seven times the marginal cost of producing it even in difficult areas (like under the sea). All the laws of economics suggest that this will have the usual considerable effects in increasing supply and reducing demand.

THERE ARE THREE CIRCUMSTANCES in which the recent wild and artificial rise in the asking price for oil would be possibly sustainable and would not necessarily lead to any energy glut: (a) if there were a low elasticity of demand for oil and other energy (that is, if price rises would not curb demand for them because there was little scope for curbing wasteful uses of them); (b) if there were a low elasticity of substitution for oil (that is, not many alternative forms of energy); and (c) if there were a low elasticity of supply for oil (that is, if supplies could easily be held down by monopolistic decree even though prices rise).

Each of these suppositions seems to me to be the precise opposite of the truth. The demand for each sort of energy is in fact very sensitive to price, as you can see by comparing different uses of it across the world. Because Europe has traditionally put a high tax on gasoline while the United States has traditionally kept it cheap, Americans use gas-gobbling cars while Europeans use petrol-abstemious ones. The United States would save the equivalent of three-quarters of Britain's annual imports of oil if Americans used cars with the same economy of fuel consumption as Europe's. We would all save even more oil if we used it in energy and industrial production with the same efficiency as the Japanese. New advances in technology could save much energy—microminiaturization, more contact by telecommunication (including picture-phone), rather than by business travel, and long-overdue greater efficiency in distribution systems for energy. One of the main results of this past year's energy scare is that energy-saving habits of this sort will now be set in motion. My guess is that the impact of last year's price rises is already in train. We may see a cut in demand for oil by 10 percent below what it would otherwise have been, so that we may very well go into early

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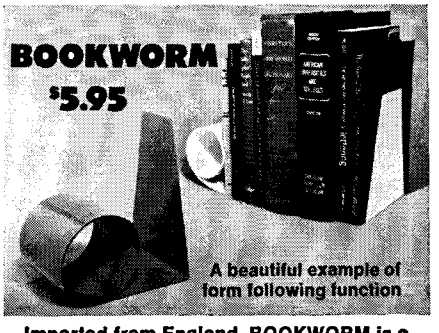

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surplus and see oil prices dropping. But the longer-term effects of this winter's shocks will likely be more dramatic.

There are several thousand known economically viable ways of releasing useful energy from storage in matter. They range from petty ways, such as getting 25 BTUs per pound of matter by letting a pound of elastic bands untwist; through fairly petty ways, such as releasing 20,000 BTUs by burning a pound of petrol; to more sophisticated ways, such as obtaining 250 million BTUs from the fission of the U-235 isotope in one pound of natural uranium and up to 260 thousand billion BTUs from the fusion to helium of a pound of hydrogen. Note that this last system, in which the waters of the oceans could serve as a limitless reservoir of fuel, would therefore be 10 billion times more effective per pound of matter than burning a pound of the Arabs' smelly old oil. The whole history of man's increasing release of energy over the past 200 years—and indeed the history of our Industrial Revolution—is that we have steadily moved up from generally smellier but less potent forms of energy to cleaner and more powerful ones that nevertheless carry some safety risk.

That is what we did when we moved in road transport from the horse (which has the most revolting possible form of exhaust emission) up to the petrol-driven automobile. Because oil is now rightly regarded as an intolerable pollutant, in its turn, it seemed likely even before the present "energy crisis" that the world would soon move on to more powerful but less smelly forms of energy (despite the risk of occasional nuclear accidents, just as the passage from the horse to the automobile increased accidents). The past year's energy crisis will now surely hasten this process along, thus helping to drive oil and older forms of energy toward unprofitable glut.

Those who deny this usually have two arguments. First, they say that there will be long lead times before some of the fancier new sorts of energy become scientifically possible. Maybe, but as these other methods of producing energy begin to appear on the horizon, it will be profitable to step up production of oil rather sharply before they are ready to compete with it. It has never been sensible to say that the Saudi Arabians would be wiser to leave their oil as an asset in the ground. It may be wise to leave coal as an asset in the ground, because new technologies for releasing energy from coal (gasification and so on, instead of carrying it to the surface in lumps by hand labor) will clearly make coal more economical in the future. But in the present state of world technology the most economical way of getting energy is by drilling oil in Saudi Arabia—you just stick a drill in the sand, and it shoots up in a form that is more transportable than coal though less transportable than gas is and than other forms of energy will be. So the time to drill for oil is now, while the other technologies have not yet caught up with it.

Secondly, however, the pessimists say that the price system will not be used or allowed to bring forth an increased supply of oil, either in America or in the Middle East. It is a bit alarming that the United States has turned so anti-capitalistic at the wrong moment. The absurd restrictions on the price of natural gas in the United States during 1964–74 not only made more production of this environmentally clean premium fuel uneconomical, but also distorted the market for other fuels and cut investment in them at just the wrong moment. It is also pretty crazy that, even as it became more and more obvious that the United States should be encouraging the production of more oil, the two great populist cries were that (a) the oil industry must not be allowed to make more money and that (b) the oil and energy industries must be impeded more than any others by environmentalist restrictions. Populist politics in the United States seems to the outsider to be the art of the economically impossible.

However, this is another of the trendy fashions that will pass. And I do not believe that Arab cuts in production of oil will be efficient or long lasting. It is understandable that desert kings like Faisal of Saudi Arabia acted as they did in the past year. The key point to remember about Arab countries is that their most usual method of changing governments is by coup d'etat. If you were King Faisal last year, the biggest danger to your comfortable existence was the threat of being murdered by young Arab romantics who might accuse you of being insufficiently militant in support of the Palestinian cause. It was therefore very sensible to restrict production of oil if they wanted you to.

But, as soon as an Arab ruler starts restricting production, the pattern of pressures on him changes. The scenario believed in by the proponents of permanent Arab restrictions on oil supply is peculiar. It is that world industrial production may be permanently held back because nobody will be willing to drill—at a price seventy times the marginal cost of production—for a commodity that lies in profusion below desert sands, in a region occupied by 1 percent of the world's population, living in countries whose usual method of changing governments is by coup d'etat. There is a fairly obvious prophecy. In these circumstances the main dangers of coups d'etat would no longer come from Palestinian romantics, but from commercially minded Arabs, who would angle for (and get) some of the means for mounting successful coups d'etat from the commercially minded interests (including governments) in the other 99 percent of the world. The shrewd rulers of Araby will be well aware of this, and, as soon as the danger threatens, they will increase oil production to head it off. I remember suggesting this to an Arab friend, who upbraided me and said that no Arabs were ever moved by the mean and sordidly acquisitive emotions that rule decadent Western capitalists like you and me.

Oh? Go look in the bazaar. □

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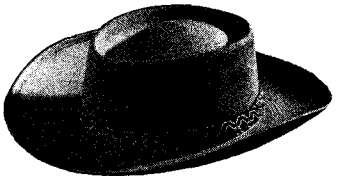

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Latin America: 4 Reports

Kissinger's "New Dialogue"

U.S. relations with Latin America, long chilled by mistrust and clumsy diplomacy, are thawing out in the warm glow of Henry Kissinger's new inter-American dialogue.

by Alan Riding

The sad truth about U.S.–Latin American relations is that ten decades of intercontinental conferences, "new dialogues," and proclamations of friendship have done little to redress the hemispheric imbalance: Latin America remains poor and frustrated; the United States remains rich and powerful.

Everything else follows from this. U.S. programs of trade and aid are merely frosting on the cake. The reality is that forty years of "good neighborliness" have not enabled a single Latin American nation to step out of poverty and underdevelopment.

Any "new relationship"—and the possibility is once again being aired—must therefore be based on a realistic appraisal of the basic relationship between the United States and Latin America. And if the Latins want to get rich and the Americans want to stay rich, the conclusion may well be that their interests are incompatible. To change the relationship, a clash of interests may therefore be inevitable.

Traditionally, Washington's policy toward the southern continent has consisted of negligent paternalism. And by constantly asking for a "new relationship" and complaining that "the United States doesn't care," Latin America has only encouraged this paternalism. Talking from a position of weakness, Latin America has only obtained reluctant charity; talking from a position of strength, Washington has only responded to threats to its interests.

To smooth over the wrinkles in this traditional relationship, endless numbers of inter-American organizations and committees have been created. Almost monthly, one or the other produces yet another study or resolution or declaration on the state of relations between the regions. But the names and acronyms—OAS, ECLA, CIAP, CECLA, CIES, CECON, and so on—are important only as symbols of mounting frustration for the continent's governments. There are some diplomats who have spent their working lives going from one of these committees to another. Eventually, their vision of reality also wrinkles beyond recognition.

But once the organizations and the reports are set aside—so repetitive, so depressing; so accurate, yet so irrelevant—Washington's policy toward Latin America can be seen in all its simplicity and nakedness: It involves maintaining the continent generally within Washington's sphere of influence, preventing the emergence of leftist regimes, protecting U.S. investments, developing a market for U.S. exports, and securing the region as a fount of raw materials. Liberalism apart, there is nothing wrong with this. Washington defends its interests as it sees them—and it softens the blow with some charity and rhetoric.

The Alliance for Progress, launched with such flair by President Kennedy in 1961, fell perfectly into this pattern. It was realism wrapped in goodwill. Once the CIA-guided invasion of Cuba had collapsed on the beaches of the Bay of Pigs, Washington accepted the permanence of Fidel Castro and sought to neutralize his influence through the Alliance for Progress. Right-wing dictatorships therefore were frowned upon, democracies were bolstered, and economic and social reform was encouraged. This prong of the alliance was aimed at defusing popular unrest. The other prong—that of sharing the grim secrets of counter-insurgency with Latin America's armies and police forces—was to prevent this popular unrest from taking political shape.

Throughout the Sixties, U.S. advisers therefore helped Latin American governments to fight the extreme Left until the guerrillas of the continent were virtually exterminated. And as the ruling oligarchies modernized themselves to face the new challenges of the masses, Washington found that it could relax its vigil over the continent and concentrate on the problems of Southeast Asia. The Alliance for Progress consequently lost impetus and resources.

BUT THERE WERE occasional problems that required attention. In April 1964 Brazil's left-leaning government of President João Goulart was ousted with Washington's blessing. A few months later the defeat of the Marxist Salvador Allende in Chile's presidential elections was assisted by U.S. funds. In 1965 the Dominican Republic was invaded by U.S. Marines "to prevent another Cuba." And in 1968 a leftist military regime in Peru was boycotted—though it could not be ousted—after it had nationalized a major U.S. oil company. The collapse of the leftist regime of Gen. Juan José Torres in Bolivia in 1971, however, was a relief to Washington. And the successful termination of its campaign against the Allende government in Chile between November 1970 and September 1973 was toasted with champagne in Washington.

But none of these "occasional problems" were sufficient to alter U.S. policy toward the continent. In fact, in October 1969, in his only major speech on Latin America, President Nixon felt so confident about the region that he formally buried the Alliance for Progress and announced the start of a "more mature" relationship based on trade, not aid. Two years later this new maturity meant burdening Latin American products with a 10 percent import surcharge even though the continent had a huge trade deficit with the United

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Alan Riding specializes in Latin American affairs and is a contributor to the Economist *and the* Financial Times of London.

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States. But in November 1971 Mr. Nixon dispatched his special assistant, Robert Finch, around the continent to "confirm" his goodwill. And in May of last year, the then–Secretary of State William Rogers traveled Latin America to announce his stillborn "new relationship."

Now, with Henry Kissinger (who was quoted as once having characterized Latin America as "a dagger pointing at the heart of the Antarctic") in the State Department, the proclamation of yet another "new dialogue" is echoing over the bones of the decades-old "special relationship." And to this end, Dr. Kissinger met the foreign ministers of Latin America and of the Caribbean—of all except Cuba—in Mexico City in February and meets them again this month in Atlanta, Georgia.

But Dr. Kissinger is not a man given to political romanticism. This "new dialogue" is therefore different because it starts from a premise of realism rather than guilt. The words are the same, but the mood reflects a change in the basic relationship between the United States and Latin America. Washington has begun shaping a new policy toward Latin America because suddenly it has an interest to defend. And Latin America is responding differently to the invitation of a "new relationship" because suddenly it has acquired relative strength.

The change can be explained in one phrase: the energy crisis. It is, of course, an oversimplification, but the impact of the energy crisis on the attitudes and policies of the United States and Latin America threatens to transform the basic relationship between the two regions more than do any number of conferences and declarations.

For many Latin American countries, the hike in world oil prices has meant serious short-term economic problems, not least through increased inflationary pressures. But it has also left another mark. Many governments are now becoming aware that the terms of trade for their raw-material exports might also be altered dramatically if they follow the Arab example and join forces to push up world prices.

In a sense, Latin America has been preparing for such an action for over a decade. The mounting disillusionment with inter-American and even international forums has slowly pushed Latin America into the Third World camp of militancy. Only a few countries of the region are encompassed by the political nonaligned nations movement, but governments with the most divergent ideologies —such as Brazil and Peru—stand together on most world economic issues. In their relations with the United States, Latin American governments disagree on such political questions as Cuba, but they face Washington as a bloc on trade, investment, and monetary issues.

FROM DR. KISSINGER'S global perspective, the danger that Third World producers' cartels may spread from oil to other key raw materials is therefore apparent. And if they do spread, the industrialized world will be convulsed even more than now. Latin America thus takes on strategic significance: By wooing the continent, the United States not only would divide and weaken the Third World but also would assure itself a continued supply of cheap raw materials.

As with the Alliance for Progress, the first coherent U.S. policy toward Latin America in thirteen years has grown out of necessity and self-interest rather than goodwill and justice.

Though he is by no means a specialist in Latin American affairs, Dr. Kissinger nevertheless has found a place for the continent in his global pattern of power. And once his Atlantic Community had been rejected by a restive Western Europe, his concept of a Western Hemisphere Community's linking the United States and Latin America seemed all the more necessary. Ideally, such a community—a concept of mutual obligations and understanding rather than a juridical body—would bring Latin America closer to Washington and would separate the continent from the Third World.

The community idea was launched in Dr. Kissinger's masterly opening statement to the Mexico City Foreign Ministers' Conference on February 21.

He began by stressing the interdependence of world regions today and the need for collaboration and cooperation between "consumers and producers, the affluent and the poor, the free and the oppressed, the mighty and the weak." Then came the acorn. "So let us begin in this hemisphere. . . . The world community which we seek to build should have a Western Hemisphere Community as one of its central pillars." Soon "our community" already seemed to exist. "We must renew our political commitment to a Western Hemisphere system," he went on. "In this way, the Western Hemisphere Community can make its voice and interests felt in the world."

As proof of Washington's goodwill, he cited the February 7 Agreement of Principles for a new canal treaty signed by the United States and Panama and the February 19 agreement on compensation

UPI

"Spirit of Solidarity"—Secretary of State Kissinger with Mexican President Echeverría (left) and Guatemalan Foreign Minister Jorge Arenales Catalán in Mexico City.

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Henry's Frantic Year

As far as Henry Kissinger is concerned, *rest* is a four-letter word. After having carved out a Vietnam settlement in Paris, he could have reclined on his laurels for a spell. After being named Secretary of State, he might have settled down to wrestle with the bureaucracy at Foggy Bottom. But in both cases Kissinger's flair for personal diplomacy prevailed and produced another year of peripatetic travel for the architect of U. S. foreign policy.

At the start of 1973, Kissinger's attention was still focused largely on Asia. In early February he set off on an "exploratory mission" to Hanoi to follow up his successful peace talks in Paris. On the way he stopped off in Thailand and Laos to discuss the possibilities of expanding the Vietnam cease-fire; after three days in Hanoi, he and Premier Pham Van Dong announced an agreement for setting up a Joint Economic Commission for funneling U.S. reconstruction aid to the bomb-blasted nation (if U.S. congressional objections can be met). After a brief stopover in Hong Kong, Kissinger pressed on to Peking for five days of talks with Chou En-lai and Mao Tse-tung, and they agreed that the United States and China would open "liaison offices" in each other's capitals. On the way home, Kissinger met with Japanese Premier Kakuei Tanaka.

The next phase of Kissinger's travels had a more Western flavor. In March he met in Mexico City with President Luis Echeverría, just prior to Echeverría's six-nation, three-continent "mission of peace." In early May Kissinger was off on another globe-girdling mission of his own, with Moscow the first stop. He discussed American concern over continued fighting in South Vietnam—and Russian interest in U.S. trade. Before he returned to Washington, Kissinger spent two days in London with then–Prime Minister Edward Heath and other British officials. The main subject of conversation: Kissinger's controversial proposal for a new Atlantic Charter, made earlier in his "Year of Europe" speech in New York.

David M. Alpern is a general editor in the national affairs section of Newsweek.

On May 31 President Nixon took Kissinger, then still his national security adviser, along on a trip to Reykjavik, Iceland, for talks with French President Pompidou—who seemed less than enchanted by the new U.S. line toward Western Europe. Kissinger arranged for subsequent meetings on that matter with French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert, but tensions continued to build. In mid-May and early June, back in Paris, Kissinger conducted three more rounds of negotiations with Vietnam's Le Duc Tho. They drew up a fourteen-point agreement designed to strengthen the Vietnam truce.

On August 22 the obvious became official: President Nixon announced that Kissinger would replace William Rogers as Secretary of State. Three days later the Secretary-designate made a semi-official visit to Mexico. The trip, Kissinger said, was scheduled to underscore the "importance we shall attach to relations with Latin America." In October he reiterated that point in a New York speech that called for a "new dialogue" between the United States and its hemispheric neighbors. But once again Kissinger was distracted by problems farther afield—the Arab-Israeli war. Early in November he set off on a marathon mission to the tense Middle East and stopped in Morocco and Tunisia en route to talks with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Cairo. The two men agreed to resume formal diplomatic relations (broken off since 1967) and worked out a plan for strengthening the Mideast cease-fire.

Afterward, Kissinger met with Jordan's King Hussein in Amman and with Saudi Arabia's King Faisal in Riyadh and then went directly to China for a previously scheduled visit. Kissinger took the opportunity of allaying any fears about President Nixon's Watergate-weakened domestic position. "No matter what happens in the United States in the future," he said, "the friendship with the People's Republic of China is one of the constant factors of American foreign policy." On the trip home Kissinger stopped to talk with Japanese Premier Tanaka and South Korea's President Park Chung Hee.

The "Year of Europe" ended, appropriately, with Kissinger working to repair U. S. relations with the Western allies—dealings that had been severely strained by the Arab oil squeeze. In December, after having conferred with NATO foreign ministers in Brussels, he became the first high U.S. official to meet with foreign ministers of the European Economic Community. Then, in London, Kissinger proposed a massive joint effort by Europe, the United States, Canada, and Japan to develop long-term solutions to the world energy crisis. Then, characteristically, Kissinger set off on another round of personal talks with Mideast leaders prior to the beginning of Arab-Israeli peace talks in Geneva. In six hectic days he covered Algeria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, and Israel. After brief stopovers in Lisbon and Madrid, he arrived in Geneva on December 21 to act as co-chairman of the Mideast peace conference.

Henry Kissinger's itinerary for 1974 has been following the familiar far-flung pattern. In early January he shuttled between Egypt and Israel to work out an agreement for the disengagement of troops along the Suez, and he again met with King Hussein and Syrian President Hafez Assad. On February 7 he was in Panama City to sign a new treaty governing the Canal Zone. The agreement stipulated an eventual relinquishing of the enclave to Panama, and Kissinger called that an "example of what we mean by the spirit of community in the Western Hemisphere." His meeting with Latin American and Caribbean foreign ministers in Mexico City followed shortly thereafter, but by February 24 Kissinger was again jetting toward the Middle East, to try to engineer a troop separation on the Golan Heights.

On his way back to Washington, the Secretary of State made sure to brief European leaders in Bonn and Brussels on the latest Middle East developments. Then, in late March, he set off for another trip to Moscow (setting up a return visit by President Nixon), prior to his attendance at the Organization of American States conference this month. The OAS meeting is practically a neighborhood jaunt; it will be held in Atlanta, only 543 miles from Kissinger's Washington backyard.

DAVID M. ALPERN

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to expropriated U.S. companies signed with Peru. The other point of friction—Cuba—he refused to discuss, but he left broad hints that Washington's policy toward the island was under review. For the future, he proposed a mechanism for settling disputes between U.S. companies and Latin American governments without involving Washington, and he suggested an "equitable interim accord" for resolving the problem of U.S. fishing boats arrested inside the 200-mile territorial waters claimed by several Pacific-coast nations.

"But we cannot achieve our goals by remedying specific grievances," he said. "A special community can emerge only if we infuse it with life and substance." Wisely, he chose to be vague on the details, but the concept was clear. Members of the community would assume an obligation to consult at regular intervals and, in effect, to take no unilateral measures (such as joining raw-material producers' cartels) to harm the spirit of the community.

The reaction of Latin America was immediately negative. Most large countries prefer to deal bilaterally, rather than *en bloc*, with Washington. A few minutes before Dr. Kissinger had spoken, Mexico's President Luis Echeverría had also declared categorically that "Latin America forms part of the Third World." Brazil, supposedly Washington's closest ally on the continent, had already succeeded in sinking Dr. Kissinger's proposal for an energy debate for fear of offending the Arab oil producers that supply two-thirds of its oil needs. Venezuela, the continent's major oil exporter, felt under siege from Washington for its solidarity with the Arabs and responded by urging the producers of copper, bauxite, iron ore, manganese, and other key raw materials to follow the example of the Arabs. Argentina, which is currently strengthening its ties with Western Europe, was not interested in the community. Peru's left-leaning military rulers felt that they had little in common with Washington.

Even smaller countries were suspicious. Guyana's highly lucid foreign minister, Shridath S. Ramphal, asked how a Western Hemisphere Community could exist between one superpower and twenty-four poor nations and without the inclusion of Cuba or Canada.

But as the conference continued, it became clear that Dr. Kissinger had made an offer that Latin America could not refuse. The Latin and Caribbean foreign ministers had wanted to talk frankly and informally about a whole range of issues—aid, trade, and monetary questions, U.S. economic coercion, multi-national corporations, transfer of technology, and so on—and Dr. Kissinger was simply saying, "Fine, let's do so in an inter-American spirit." His presumption was that regular consultations and negotiations will create natural reciprocal obligations, even though the word *community* is abandoned. After all, as the secretary told the foreign ministers privately, hegemony comes from power, not words. So in the final Declaration, the foreign ministers "agreed that interdependence has become a physical and moral imperative and that a new vigorous spirit of inter-American solidarity is therefore essential."

Thus Latin America finally had found a place in Kissinger's view of the world. At last, U.S. diplomats and even businessmen scattered around the continent knew that Washington's new policy was aimed at preventing Latin America from joining the Third World as an unseemly threat to the industrialized nations.

The informal meeting of ministers in Atlanta (April 17 and 18) and the formal OAS session from April 19 to May 3 fall into the new "spirit of solidarity." The dialogue continues, and the negotiation toughens. Divisions are apparent in the Latin camp—some governments are prepared to brave on and to fight for a new world economic order; others would prefer to extract short-term advantages from Washington—but the confrontation is more equally balanced than before.

Washington still has huge bargaining power—and Dr. Kissinger insists on bringing congressional leaders for his talks with Latin America to secure his freedom of action—but U.S. concessions will be unavoidable. It could mean an early end to the economic blockade of Cuba or a generous new canal treaty for Panama or specialized preferences for the manufactured exports of the continent. But the strategy is clear: Washington wants Latin America back in its camp and is prepared to pay to achieve this end.

Economic relations are the obstacle, because political harmony largely exists. With the Allende regime removed from the map of Latin America, Dr. Kissinger could indeed afford to proclaim in Mexico that "we will not impose our political preferences; we will not intervene in the domestic affairs of others." After all, the vast majority of Latin American governments are already to Washington's preference. Generals rule in Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Panama, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala, and militarism is still spreading. Of these, only Peru has a progressive regime.

But, largely because of Dr. Kissinger himself, international affairs are no longer guided by ideology. So Latin America's real problems—its economic problems—are now the determining factors in any new relationship with Washington. And the concept that these problems can be resolved without a reordering—and perhaps a convulsion—of the world economy is as outdated as a reliance on ideology.

"The strategy is clear: Washington wants Latin America back in its camp and is prepared to pay to achieve this end."

But at the human level, at the subsistence level at which most—yes, most—Latin Americans live, what does this mean? Dare one say, nothing? The former foreign minister of Venezuela, Dr. Aristides Calvani, liked to compare the battle of developing countries to the struggle of the trade unions in nineteenth-century England. "The oil producers are merely the first trade union," he said. "But with courage and short-term sacrifice, the producers of other raw materials can help build a massive trade union movement of developing nations."

THE ANALOGY is interesting and appropriate, but what about the real trade union movements of Latin America—will the benefits of any world economic reform seep down to the poor workers and peasants of each country? The case of the Arab oil producers offers no encouragement. In Venezuela the oil wealth is also concentrated in a few hands. In many cases, in fact, new wealth will merely strengthen right-wing and repressive regimes. In Panama, for ex-

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THE PERENNIAL PERÓN

Now seventy-eight years old, the onetime nimble demagogue has returned with broad political backing, bearing dreams of an influential Argentina and a new universalism.

by Henry Raymont

Buenos Aires

Aside from Fidel Castro, about the only Latin American political figure whose name and face are known in the United States is Juan Domingo Perón of Argentina. Perón may, in fact, be an even more remarkable figure than the Cuban premier, for he came onto the scene a full twenty years before Castro. Lacking the Cuban leader's youthful bag of tricks, he has somehow managed to stay in the public eye and mind, even though much of his audience no longer knows quite what to make of him.

Central Press

"Above the battle"—Perón with third wife, Isabel Martinez Perón.

Consider the strange career of this smiling Argentine general: He is ousted in 1955 by the military after a dozen years of increasingly despotic rule; goes into exile in the Dominican Republic and Spain, where he lives almost in isolation with a handful of opaque men who wear dark glasses and look like Aristotle Onassis or Bebe Rebozo; and he finally struts back onto his country's political stage eighteen years later, amidst a dazzling electoral victory won on a platform of national reconciliation.

Scholars and political analysts like to picture him as an unfathomable phenomenon of quixotic Latin America—the alchemist in the guise of a populist, the nimble demagogue who defies adversity, who is alternately repressive, benign, mischievous, solemn, and who is just too complicated for such conventional categories as right wing or left wing.

This is a comforting image of Perón, for it evades rational analysis. So, for that matter, does Argentina itself: It is a vast country, second in size only to Brazil among Latin American nations, and it is blessed with inexhaustible natural riches, a small but highly literate population, and a greater social mobility perhaps than is found anywhere else in the hemisphere besides the United States. Argentina is, in short, the very paradigm of political and economic felicity. Yet its inability to achieve a stable government defies explanation, except perhaps as a case of collective masochism. How else explain the failure of the diverse assortment of rulers who followed Perón: Arturo Frondizi, the brilliant but reserved statesman who was unable to convey his modern world vision to a skeptical people; Arturo Illia, the country doctor whose benign non-rule led to yet another military takeover; or Gen. Juan Carlos Onganía, whose graven image of austerity might have been carved on a medieval tombstone?

By contrast, Perón has an intuitive understanding of the Argentine character shown by few other men in his time. It is as though he has instinctively plunged himself into the roles best suited to the national mood: in the Forties, an admixture of populist *caudillo* and matinee idol; three decades later, a temperate Elder Statesman, Argentina's father figure, strikingly evocative of the Viejo Vizcacha ("the Old Beaver"), that earthy, astute, and avuncular character of the gaucho classic *Martín Fierro*. The Vizcacha's many proverbs include: "The devil knows more from being old than from being the devil." This knowledge, in Perón's case, includes the secret of an uncanny capacity for political survival—perhaps not unlike that of Richard M. Nixon.

To Americans over forty, Perón's reemergence stirs memories of the Latin demagogue who defied the United States by keeping up his unabashed friendship with the Axis powers until late into World War II. He is remembered also as a ruler who brought gains to the workers at the price of government control of the

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THE PROMISING PÉREZ

Architect of the counter-guerrilla force, onetime hard-liner, Carlos Andrés Pérez emerges as a Venezuelan president who will be tough on oil but dedicated to democracy.

by Pierre Salinger

Caracas

"We're waiting for Carlos Andrés!" For months after last December's elections, this cry was heard on every street corner and in every village in Venezuela.

Rarely have I visited a country where there was such an air of expectancy over the inauguration of a new chief of state. The wait was so long because the presidential elections are held early in December and the new government does not take power until the second week of March. But Venezuela is unique in many ways. It still believes in the quaint idea of democracy on a continent where revolutions, coups, and dictatorships have become a way of life.

Olivier Rebbot: Gamma

Man on the move—Pérez, with his mother, celebrating election victory.

Now the wait is over. Carlos Andrés Pérez Rodríguez—or Carlos Andrés, as the people call him—became president of Venezuela on March 12, at a time fateful in the history of this country and a fateful time for all of Latin America.

On arriving in Caracas recently, I was immediately struck by the growth of that modern city. The skyscrapers have mushroomed up tenfold, and the freeways that run through the city are among the most modern in the world. If you did not see the billboards in Spanish, you could easily imagine yourself in Los Angeles. And the comparison does not end there. Hemmed in as it is by the mountains, spread out along the floor of a valley that runs to the sea, Caracas is moving north and south so that the city now stretches close to thirty miles from one end to the other. But on the sides of those mountains, the poor have not moved from the *ranchos*. Hundreds of thousands of them live in misery, looking down on Caracas with its highly visible signs of wealth—much of which comes from the soil of Venezuela in the form of oil.

Twelve years ago, when I first went to Caracas, the country was torn by guerrilla warfare. A group of assassins allegedly dispatched by Fidel Castro had just narrowly missed killing the country's then-president, Rómulo Betancourt. His hands still bear the scars of that botched attempt. I remember sitting on the patio of the Hotel Tamanaco, which is on a hill overlooking the city, and hearing gunfire as guerrillas attacked police stations on the streets below.

The man Rómulo Betancourt chose to fight the guerrilla movement in 1961 was Carlos Andrés Pérez, who was born into poverty on a farm near the Colombian border (his father had been born in Colombia, a fact with which Carlos Andrés was reproached during the presidential campaign). He had chosen politics at an early age: He was an activist for the *Acción Democrática* (Social Democrat) party at the age of sixteen and was elected to parliament at twenty-two. The coup that put dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez in power on December 9, 1952, made a political exile out of Carlos Andrés. Then only thirty, he was already one of the young leaders of the AD party, and a price was put on his head. He fled first to Cuba, where he lived for three years (until Batista came to power and forced him out), and then to San José, Costa Rica, where he became editor of a daily newspaper. (One of his closest friends in Costa Rica was Daniel Oduber, then a rising politician; through a quirk of fate, Oduber is today Costa Rica's president.) During the Costa Rican exile, Pérez Jiménez allegedly sent a hired assassin to San José to liquidate Carlos Andrés. But the shot miraculously missed the young editor when he leaned over to answer a phone just as the gun was fired. When Pérez Jiménez was ousted in 1958 and Rómulo Betancourt

(Continued on page 53.)

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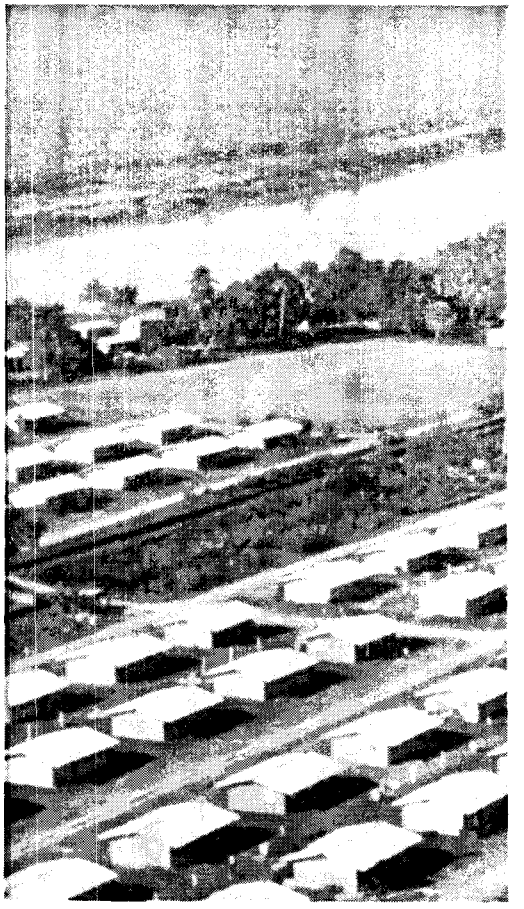
Latin America—4

Bright New Image for the "Octopus"

United Fruit, onetime corporate "ugly American," is today part of a multi-national enterprise where social responsibility and profits are closely related.



by Harold Lavine

Golfito, Costa Rica

Once the name was synonymous with *Yanqui imperialismo*. Throughout Latin America rightists and leftists alike called United Fruit the "octopus." And with reason. The company's tentacles stretched into every country in the Western Hemisphere where bananas are grown, embracing hundreds of thousands of acres of farmland, towns, cities, ports. United Fruit owned ships and railroads and even a communications system, Tropical Radio. Everywhere it operated it was a country within a country, running schools, clinics, hospitals, even collecting the garbage. More often than not it ran the government as well. (John Gunther once described Honduras as a "province of United Fruit.") When a dictator wouldn't take bribes, United Fruit simply overthrew him. On several occasions, the U.S. government overthrew the dictators for United Fruit. There were demonstrations against United Fruit throughout Central America when the CIA and the State Department combined to help oust President Jacobo Arbenz Guzman of Guatemala in 1954; the demonstrators charged the United States had done so because Guzman's land policies offended the company.

Central America's main crop is coffee, not bananas. All the land United Fruit ever owned was never more than a fraction of Central America, as little as 1 percent of the cropland in Guatemala, 4 percent in Honduras, 6 percent in Panama. Yet so omnipresent was United Fruit and so omnipotent (if not omniscient) that Central America became known as "the banana republics." O. Henry thought of Central America in that way, and most *Norteamericanos* still do.

United Fruit is now part of a larger company, United Brands. The change is symbolic. It's ridiculous to say the company is as loved today as it was reviled a few years ago. History doesn't move that fast. But the new company is not regarded as the archetype of U.S. economic imperialism. On the contrary, it's generally considered the very model of a modern U.S. multi-national corporation. No longer does it meddle in politics. And no longer does it exploit its workers. Most of the workers naturally are farm workers. Everywhere in Central America, United Brands not only pays them more than other agricultural workers, about twice as much as the workers on cattle ranches and in coffee *fincas*, but also pays them even more than clerical and industrial workers. And they get a bundle of fringe benefits—free housing and free electricity, for example. If they prefer not to live in a company house, in Honduras the company will build a house for them, which they can buy at exactly half of the cost, for $1800, without interest, over a period of twenty years. The company uses the $1800 to build more housing, a project that costs $300,000 a year. The company is gradually retiring the company housing. The workers can purchase these dwellings for between $500 and $800 over a period of five years, again without interest.

THE WORKERS also get free medical care and paid vacations. United Brands has done so much in the way of preventive medicine that its hospitals are almost empty. At La Lima, the company's Honduras division, Enrique Quesada, a parking supervisor, says: "I remember the fevers we used to get, the malaria. Now it's difficult to get malaria." Dr. Julio C. Rivera, who runs the hospital, adds: "There hasn't been a case of polio here for four years."

The change, says Anthony Pease, manager of the Bocas division of United Brands at Changuinola in Panama, "started about 1954, 1955." What the company did was to make a virtue of necessity. United Fruit originally had almost a monopoly of the world banana trade, but bananas are a commodity, and it's simply impossible for any company to maintain a monopoly of a commodity. (Governments can, as the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has demonstrated, but not companies.) So United Fruit's share of the banana market started declining in 1910. The decline became precipitous in the mid-Fifties, when the Justice Department forced United Fruit to agree to divest itself of certain of its properties. (Last year, as part of the consent agreement, it sold its Guatemalan banana lands to Del Monte.) The result was that United Fruit gradually lost its clout. No longer a monopoly, harried by such powerful competitors as Del Monte and Castle & Cook (the Dole brand), United Brands has neither the inclination nor the influence to push the Central American governments around the way United Fruit once did.

Meanwhile, the governments became less amenable to being pushed around. This is true even of the dictatorships, like those of Somoza in Nicaragua and Torrijos in Panama. Like United Fruit, the dictators aren't what they once were. They have to listen to public opinion. There are now labor unions in Central America, a professional class and a business class. These are not illiterate peasants dozing in

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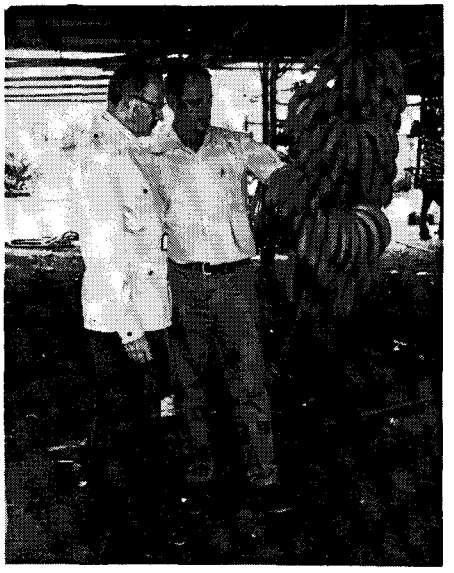

United Brands Chairman Eli M. Black (left)—A change of company style.

New housing in Honduras—Free or inexpensive homes and a medical plan that makes it difficult to get malaria.

the sun. They are vocal. They *must* be listened to.

Says Eli M. Black, who acquired control of United Fruit in 1969 through a merger with AMK, a conglomerate, to create United Brands: "There was a time when the old United Fruit relationship with the governments of Central America was, well, cozy. That's impossible now. These people are now proud, self-conscious, nationalistic. They have a new breed of leadership. The leaders, I'm convinced, are really concerned about the welfare of the people. Besides, the United Fruit style isn't our style. We've had to rebuild this relationship."

Says Pease in Panama: "No company can live the way United Fruit did fifty years ago. The governments make demands, and we have to accept them. We get along. We have no choice."

THE CHANGE IN THE COMPANY accelerated after Black won control. Black is rather an unusual business executive. How many heads of a $1.7 billion corporation studied for the rabbinate? He believes that a social conscience is a business asset.

"We have a responsibility to our employees, the people of the countries in which we operate, and the countries themselves," he says. "And we're convinced that it's to our interests to feel this way. This is not merely a question of raising wages and fringe benefits or improving housing. It's also a question of how you deal with the government and the union, of the extent to which you help people rise to executive positions."

Under Black, United Brands has instituted a Community Development Program. It employs social workers—natives—working in cooperation with the government, to educate its employees on such things as nutrition, sanitation, and child care. Many of them do need it, and badly. At Bocas, 3000 of the 4500 employees are Indians. "The San Blas do understand how to care for themselves," says Pease, "and they're reasonably sober. The other tribes are a problem. They do work, and work hard when they're sober, but the drinking bouts hamper production."

Black believes everything the company is doing for its workers "will show in greater productivity." He insists: "We can prove that."

Maybe so. In 1971, as United Brands, it lost thirty-six cents a share but managed to pay a dividend of fifteen cents. In 1972 there was a dramatic turnaround, and the company earned eighty cents a share. In the first nine months of 1973, profits rose to ninety cents a share. This may account for the fact that United Brands recently has been buying its own stock on the market. Eli Black says the operating record supports his theory that social consciousness is good business. Black justifies the decision to grow bananas in Central America, despite the higher cost, rather than in Ecuador. "Five years ago," he says, "no one expected that Chile would go Communist. Chile was the stable democracy. Central America was a land of unstable governments. Chile became unstable. Central America became stable."

Black no doubt has in mind the fact that International Telephone & Telegraph, Anaconda, and Kennecott replaced the image in Chile of United Fruit as the ugly American. Those firms were expropriated. It's doubtful if they will get their properties back, even under the counter-revolutionary government. It's almost a surefire bet that ITT won't. Black believes that in the short run, United Brands' policy of being a good citizen of Central America may cost money, but in the long run, it may save the company from the fate that met ITT, Anaconda, and Kennecott, a fate no worse than death, merely death in Chile itself.

Again, maybe so. Just as no one can expunge history, no one can predict it. Nations have expropriated U.S. corporations for reasons that, to anyone who can add, seem totally irrational. Nationalism is often irrational. People believe: This is ours. And they will expropriate property even if that means lower production,

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lower wages, a lower standard of living. It could conceivably happen to United Brands in Central America, no matter what the company does, but the company is betting against it.

At the moment, the odds do favor the company. By its policies, United Brands has won the support of the unions with which it deals. Black says: "After the first union negotiation in which I participated, the union leader put his arm around my shoulder and said: 'This is the first time I've been treated like a human being, like an equal.'" Asked whether Black's estimation of his relations with the unions is justified, Andres Moses, head of the union in Panama, replies: "Yes, the company treats us fairly. We have complaints, of course, but the company is always willing to listen to our complaints." In Honduras the head of the union, Oscar Gale Varela, says his men would oppose the nationalization of United Brands' Tela division, explaining: "Governments generally tend to make bad administrators." Reuben Mondragon, the Honduran minister of the economy, says he doesn't see any possibility of nationalization. Honduras, he says, considers United Brands "an asset."

One of the complaints the workers have is the antiquated housing in which many of them must live. United Brands executives admit that much of the housing is undesirable, but, they say, they're doing everything they can to remedy this. They're replacing the old wooden housing with masonry housing, and the new houses contain such modern conveniences as flush toilets. They've also cut down on the number of men who crowd into a room in the bachelor quarters.

"We used to put ten men in a room," says Russel Caid, assistant manager of the Bocas division. "Now, only three."

Caid adds: "We've gone a long way on housing, but I'll admit we haven't yet gone far enough. It's a question of money. We just can't afford to replace the old housing faster than we've done."

Another complaint of the unions is that not enough Central Americans are in executive positions. Black says he's been attempting to move native-born people into executive positions. He can't offer any figures, but he insists: "You can get a good idea from the number of children of executives in our schools. At one time, 80 percent of them were Americans; now, 80 percent of them are Central Americans."

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE whether this figure is accurate. On-the-spot observation would indicate that an increasing number of Central Americans are in top positions but that foreigners still dominate the company. In Costa Rica in 1968, twelve of the sixteen top positions were occupied by foreigners. The number is now down to nine, and the general manager is a Costa Rican. That's progress, but not enough to satisfy the Costa Ricans.

The fact nevertheless still remains: United Brands *is* attempting to make itself a Central American company. And not merely by promoting Central Americans. Wherever possible, it has turned over its commissaries to Central Americans. In Panama it has turned over its schools to the government, though it still pays 50 percent of the teachers' salaries. It has tried to turn over its hospital in Honduras to the government, and the government wants the hospital, but the union prefers to have the company maintain it.

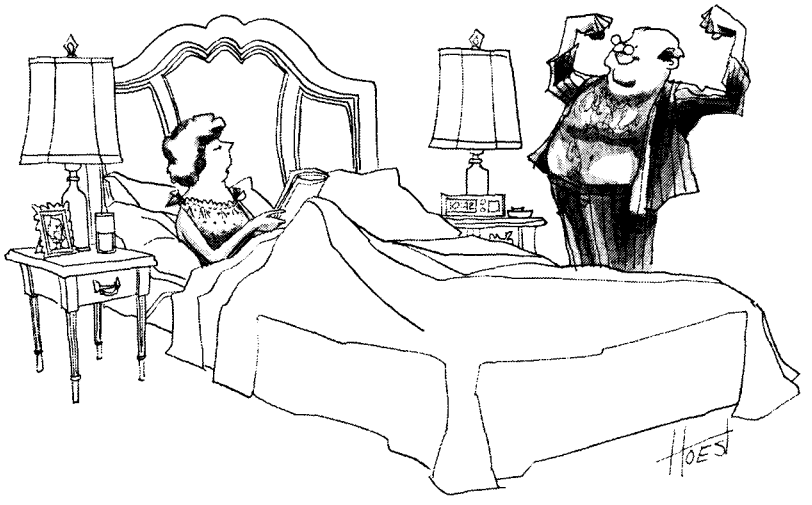
Most important of all, United Brands is attempting to get Central Americans to produce a greater and greater share of its bananas by financing what it calls "associate producers." Mostly, these are men who used to work for United Brands. The company sells them land on easy terms, supplies them with its technology and irrigation, lends them money for fertilizers, helps them with disease control and pest control. The initial loan, which runs to roughly $100,000, bears 6 percent interest. The company offers the other services without interest.

At present, 20.6 percent of the company's banana-producing land is owned by associate producers. Black says it's his intention to increase that figure to 50 percent. Company executives on the spot declare the program has not been an unmixed blessing. It has, indeed, helped to make United Brands less a foreign company, more a part of Central America. On the other hand, some unions are not especially enamored of the program, because workers on the lands of the associate producers don't make as much as those on United Brands farms. In the Latin American tradition, too many of the associate producers have become absentee landowners. Says William Pena, superintendent of agriculture at Bocas: "They move into the cities, buy real estate, three or four cars. They don't manage the farms themselves, so the farms are poorly managed. They don't produce as much as the company-owned farms do, and the bananas they grow don't have the same quality."

In the banana trade, production and quality are everything.

What can one conclude, if anything? Yes, the bad old days are gone. United Brands is now a model citizen of the countries in which it operates. Is it good business? In the long run, it may save the company from expropriation. Eli Black thinks social responsibility and profits are not only not inconsistent but also closely interrelated.

Is what United Brands has attempted good for the United States? The answer is: Yes, unquestionably yes. The United States has been a bad neighbor to Latin America, despite the Good Neighbor policy. United Brands has done much to erase that image, in Central America at least. □



"Maybe it's your mating season, but I'm in the middle of a profile on Senator Ervin."

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BOOKS

Evolution of an Exile

GULAG ARCHIPELAGO
by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn,
*Russian language edition**
YMCA Press, Paris

Reviewed by Robert Conquest

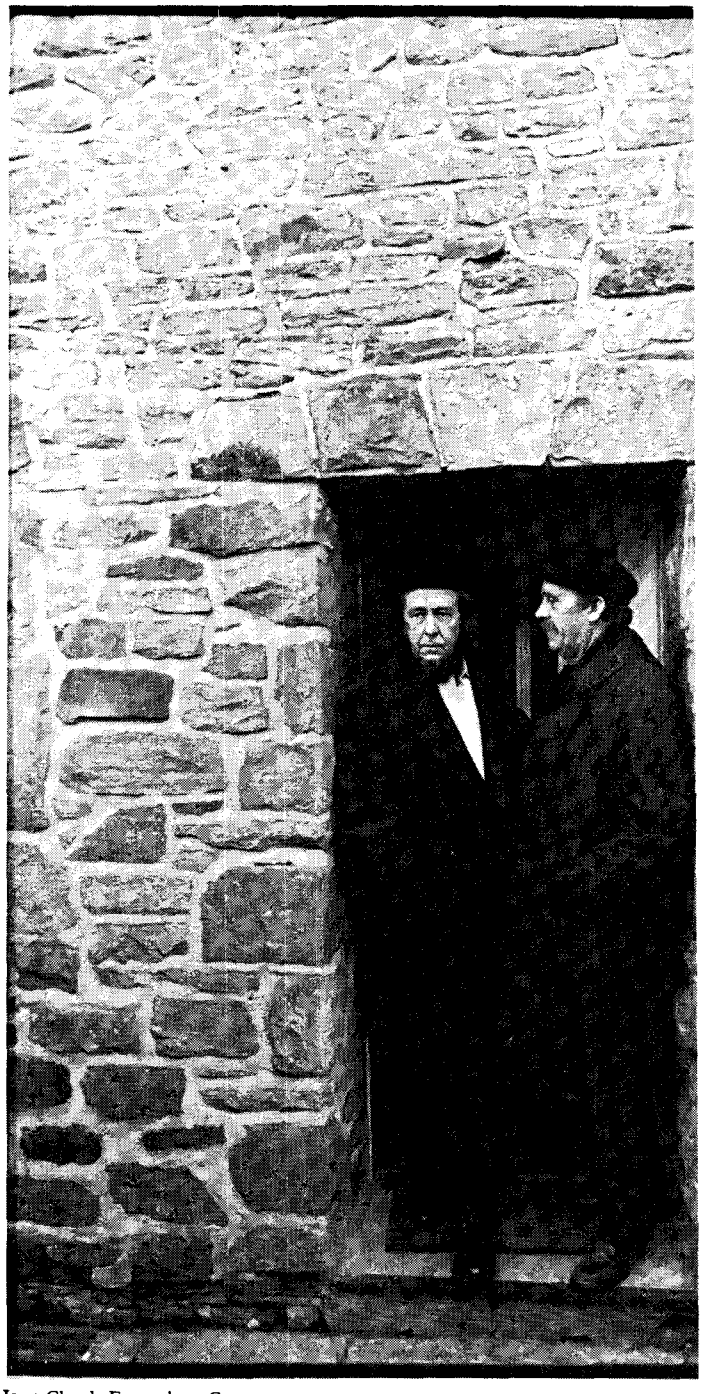
A well-known American left-wing journalist, noted for the frequency, the variety, and the righteousness of his public interventions on every conceivable matter in the field of foreign affairs, recently remarked on his horror at reading *Gulag Archipelago.* For he learned from it facts hitherto unknown to him: for example, that in the Soviet Union large numbers of people had been executed or sent to labor camps during the period when Joseph Stalin held the post of general secretary of the party. Now, of course, to any but the most purblind or fanatical admirer of the Communist system, all this had been established and documented at the very latest with the publication in 1948 of D. I. Dallin and B. I. Nikolaevsky's *Forced Labor in the Soviet Union* (which Solzhenitsyn quotes). And even those compulsive ignoramuses had almost all come to learn of such facts when they were revealed by the then leader of the Communist party of the Soviet Union, Nikita Khrushchev, in February 1956. In the meantime, much further documentation of these horrors has taken place, including my own *The Great Terror* (1968), in which several thousand references, half of them from Soviet sources, established pretty firmly, I had thought, that all had not been well. And since then there have been such books as *Let History Judge,* by Roy Medvedev, with further details, almost all of them highly unpleasant.

But for all that, this journalist's reaction is, if in exaggerated form, something of very significant portent about the importance of Solzhenitsyn's book. Even if the book had registered no more than we know already, it is written by a man whose courage, whose integrity, and whose experience will give it overwhelming authority throughout the world. It is a truly exceptional work: For in it literature transcends history, without distorting it.

It is indeed an important aspect of Solzhenitsyn's book, though by no means the only one, that he confirms and further details many horrors that have been reported. (Medvedev, an ideological opponent of Solzhenitsyn, has, incidentally, gone on record as saying that all the factual material in *Gulag Archipelago* is true.)

Solzhenitsyn exposes, for example, the full frightfulness of the highly secret Sukhanovka prison, which (in my first edition) I was only able to mention from the evidence of a single prisoner personally known to me—but which Solzhenitsyn had meanwhile spoken of in *The First Circle*; he confirms the summary execution of those serving prison sentences as the advancing Germans approached their camps, the obscure massacre of air force generals in 1941, the incredible crowding in prisons, the notorious "lists" under which the accused were sentenced under various categories, such as "Anti-Soviet Agitation." One of the categories I had noted was "Suspicion of Espionage," saying that this was a crime perhaps unique in the annals of world justice. Solzhenitsyn (once again) demonstrates my inadequate incredulity: For in addition to listing that, he names the even more extravagant charge of "Connections Leading to Suspicion of Espionage." He notes the groupings most liable to arrest, including the Esperantists, people connected with the Red Cross, Austrian Socialist refugees from the 1934 uprising in Vienna, etc. He confirms that in 1949 everyone who had previously been in camp and had managed to survive to the end of his sentence was re-arrested and re-sentenced without further charges.

The post-war categories of individuals sentenced on new charges—as against simply being dragged back to camp—are listed as: spies, believers, geneticists, and there were three special categories of intellectuals insufficiently hostile to the West, against whom the charges were:



Jean-Claude Francolon: Gamma
Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (left) with Heinrich Böll—Refuge in

*English language edition to be published in June by Harper & Row ($12.50 hardback, $1.95 paper).

Robert Conquest, now residing in London, is a poet, critic, and expert on Soviet affairs.

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'est Germany.

VAT—Praising American technique
VAD—Praising American democracy
PZ—Abasement before the West (a more general charge)

Other war and post-war victims included those who had escaped from German prisoner-of-war camps, all classed as spies, those children of certain victims of the earlier purges who had been too young—even under Stalin's twelve-year-old law—to be charged at the time, the children of Spanish refugees from the civil war (as Anglo-American spies).

There is, in addition, useful material for the historian on important political cruxes in the USSR. For example, he gives us what appears to be entirely new information about the notorious "Doctors' Plot." This was planned, had Stalin not died, to have been the culmination of the great anti-Semitic campaign of the time. All the Yiddish writers and cultural figures had already been shot secretly in the "Crimean Case" in August 1952, and it was only in January 1953 that a great public propaganda campaign was mounted around the arrest of the "murderers in white coats"—a group of leading Soviet physicians, mainly Jewish, accused of the medical murders (or attempted murders) of various Soviet personalities. After Stalin's death, Beria repudiated it and released the doctors. There has always been a mystery concerning two of the doctors, who, though cleared, were not available to be released after Stalin's death. About one of these, Dr. Etinger, a strange tale now emerges, obtained, moreover, from an excellent source—a member of the prosecutor's office who conducted the interrogation of various guilty police officials after Stalin's death. Abakumov, the minister of state security (who figures prominently in Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*), was arrested near the end of 1951. We now learn that he and Ryumin, assistant minister of state security, had a dispute. Dr. Etinger was already under arrest, and Ryumin came to Abakumov and suggested a "Doctors' Plot." Abakumov for some reason rejected this. Shortly afterwards Etinger was found dead in his cell. It seems either that Abakumov had killed him to avoid proceeding with the case or that Ryumin had interrogated him to death. Stalin went along with Ryumin, and Abakumov himself was jailed with a number of his closest associates. Then came Stalin's death. Ryumin was arrested, but Abakumov was not released by Beria. Beria was then arrested and shot. The following summer Ryumin was shot, and Abakumov took the view that he had been vindicated and would now doubtless be released. However, he too was shot in December 1954, on a charge of faking the earlier "Leningrad Case," in which politburo member Voznesensky and others had been executed. Solzhenitsyn says that the reason is not quite clear but that rumor has it that Khrushchev had a non-political objection to Abakumov, since he had beaten Khrushchev's own daughter-in-law before she was sent to die in a labor camp. Such motives need not be discounted, though there is no sign that Khrushchev intervened in her favor at the time, any more than Molotov or Kuusinen or President Kalinin did for their own arrested wives while they themselves were continuing to serve in high positions, or Kaganovich for his brother, a fellow member of the central committee, who was lucky enough to get the chance to commit suicide—when accused (though a Jew) of being Hitler's nominee for president of a Fascist Russia. Nevertheless, there were also political motives for Abakumov's execution, in that the men he had had shot in Leningrad had been Malenkov's enemies and that Khrushchev was now working to remove Malenkov from the premiership.

So FAR, THEN, there are movingly presented accounts of the terror and certain material of great interest to historians of an obscure and gloomy period. But the present Soviet leaders themselves (as in speeches by Shelepin and others at the 1961 party congress) have told similar stories. And even though the present policy is to sweep them under the carpet, to condemn harping on the "errors" of the past, these things are not entirely denied. Other writers on them, like Roy Medvedev and Evgenia Ginzburg, though unpublished in Russia, have not been arrested. What is there about *Gulag Archipelago* that made it a kind of last straw and that drove the politburo to its reckless and arbitrary arrest and expulsion of the author?

First of all, Solzhenitsyn does not put the blame solely on Stalin and the "personality cult." He traces the long evolution of terror, showing that the labor-camp system, the frame-up trials, the mass shootings, the secret disappearances—all go back to early Soviet times. His brief description of the "trials" of the early Twenties, for example, would be regarded by any humane standards as the sign of a far worse regime, already, than most of the "reactionary" dictatorships of modern times. He departs from reasonable and orthodox criticism of Soviet terror by failing to restrict his complaints to the frame-up and execution of innocent Communists. He actually urges that it was wrong to do the same to non-Communist revolutionary socialists and even liberals. Since these were mainly wiped out in the earlier years, his "fifty-year-old" (as he puts it) juggernaut is the Soviet regime from its beginnings—he was writing in 1967. That is to say, a major aspect of Solzhenitsyn's book is that it breaks totally with the myth that has corrupted and deluded so many commentators on the Russian Revolution and the Soviet regime: the myth of a constructive and humane Lenin.

Solzhenitsyn compounds this "blasphemy" by a comparison between Soviet standards of terror and those of czardom. Czarist Russia was the most backward and despotic regime in Europe. Solzhenitsyn notes that those executed between 1826 and 1906 in Russia amounted to 894. In the revolutionary days of 1905–1908, 2200 executions took place. In Lenin's time, very incomplete figures for the central provinces alone estimate that 16,000 were shot in eighteen months. Even in December 1932, before the Sta-

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 8

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 43.*

BKABXK JA ZAO JKNKMTK OA QDTK PAAJ UMRORZP, OQKH DMK NA BXKDNKJ UROQ EDJ.

KYKMNAZ

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Solzhenitsyn Without Stereotype

by Harry Schwartz

For over a decade now Western liberals and conservatives have debated uneasily about which camp could legitimately claim Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn as its own. So long as Solzhenitsyn assailed primarily Stalinist and post-Stalinist Soviet despotism, the Anthony Lewises and Bill Buckleys of the world could both hail his work with clear consciences. There were early clues, of course, that pointed to where the real Solzhenitsyn stood in the political spectrum. In *Cancer Ward,* for example, he came out strongly against socialized medicine and praised fee-for-service medicine practiced in a "cottage industry" setting. But only a handful of specialists understood the import of this and similar signs.

Now all doubt has been resolved. In his "Letter to the Soviet Leaders"—his first new piece of writing to be made public since Solzhenitsyn's expulsion from his native land—the greatest living Russian writer removes all ambiguity. In the strict sense of the word, he is a reactionary, a proud throwback to the nineteenth-century Russian Slavophiles who opposed not only Marxism and other corrupting Western ideas but also industrialization itself. His yearning for the past is succinctly encapsulated in his scathing judgment of where industrialization has brought his country and the West as well: "All that 'endless progress' turned out to be an insane, ill-considered, furious dash into a blind alley."

No one who reads this letter attentively can doubt that if Solzhenitsyn had been an American citizen in 1972 he would have voted for Richard Nixon against George McGovern, and if he had been an American college professor this past half-decade he would have invited the kind of trouble Drs. Shockley and Jensen have had visited upon them. He would have supported the Vietnam war, been attacked as a "sexist" for thinking women's obligations are primarily to their families, been assailed as a racist for making light of Indians' and Eskimos' claims to their ancestral lands, and become the hated bogeyman of all advanced campus thinkers for declaring himself "an opponent of all revolutions and all armed convulsions." And, oh yes, he is a fervent Christian, denounces Marx and Mao, values law and order, thinks there is no place for American-style democracy in his country, and believes Daniel Ellsberg should have been sentenced to jail for a good long term.

The above summary of Solzhenitsyn's views was not prepared to incite hatred or dislike of this giant figure in contemporary affairs. Rather, it is intended as a warning against judging him and his views against the background of currently conventional liberal clichés. He is, after all, a Russian, formed and molded by the very different and extraordinarily harsh conditions of his motherland. And his political views reflect his life experiences in Russia and his hopes and fears for the future of his beloved land. Central to his thinking are three basic convictions: that Marxist ideology has imposed enormous suffering upon his people and has become shackles that must be removed as soon as possible; that ideological rivalry between Russia and China threatens to provoke the world's greatest conventional war in the future, a war that would cost Russia 60 million or more of the flower of Russian manhood; and that to avoid world environmental catastrophe, industrialized civilization in general and today's Russia in particular must abandon present patterns of living and production and return to simpler, more rural, and less environmentally damaging ways of life and output. In the latter connection Solzhenitsyn believes that huge, empty, and unpolluted Siberia offers a vast new stage for the future Russian civilization—a stage, moreover, whose massive settlement will create urgently needed barriers to Chinese aggression. And if Solzhenitsyn's sympathies for the United States in the Vietnam war are now clear, those sympathies arose from his conviction that Vietnam was a small-scale rehearsal for a future Sino-Soviet Armageddon, during which Solzhenitsyn fears his people's nerve may fail them, as Americans lost their nerve in Vietnam.

The fascinating problem remains whether—and, if so, how—Solzhenitsyn's views will change as he becomes accustomed to life in the West and responds to the profoundly different cultural and intellectual forces that are at work here. □

Harry Schwartz is a longtime student of Soviet affairs.

lin terror proper, he notes the shooting of 265 people at one time in the Kresty Prison in Leningrad. And, in peacetime, at the height of the terror, a *minimum* of just under a million were executed in two years—that is, a rate about *fifty thousand times* as great as that of sixty years of czardom back to Nicholas I!

Moreover, the czars' victims had actually plotted against the state; their relatives were not also sentenced; the non-capital prisoners were not starved and sweated to death. (Indeed, Solzhenitsyn is inclined to attribute the collapse of Bukharin and other veterans in the hands of Stalin's police to the comparative softness of their previous treatment in czarist jails, which they had boasted of, and even thought of, as the utmost harshness possible.) These are comparisons that give offense to the beneficiaries of the Stalin system.

Solzhenitsyn has previously—as in his Nobel Prize speech—also pointed out that, if we are to judge regimes by a calculus of murder and terror, the Soviet state is, apart from Hitler's, in a unique category. To compare the sufferings under Greek and other right-wing governments with those of the Soviet Union is something in the nature of saying that a gross and unprovoked assault, such as punching someone on the nose, is the same as boiling him in oil.

Solzhenitsyn is particularly disgusted at the notion of the ruling group that if they describe the Stalin terror as a series of "mistakes" that they have apologized for once and for all and do not wish it to be referred to again, that settles the matter. During Khrushchev's ascendancy, the humorous Soviet paper *Krokodil* (July 20, 1956) once printed a picture of a mean-looking little boy saying to his teacher, "Why did you give me a failing mark? I have admitted my mistakes, haven't I?"

Solzhenitsyn compares de-Stalinization with de-Nazification. He points out that in Western Germany de-Nazification tribunals, up till 1966, in one way or another, penalized 86,000 Nazis. In Russia a handful of high police officials—and only those who took the wrong side in the struggle for power in the Fifties—were shot, while the vast bulk of accomplices, large and small, in the criminal regime of Stalin have survived unharmed. This has applied even to major criminals like Kaganovich and Molotov, who have actually been openly denounced by the public prosecutor in person as having

(Continued on page 30.)

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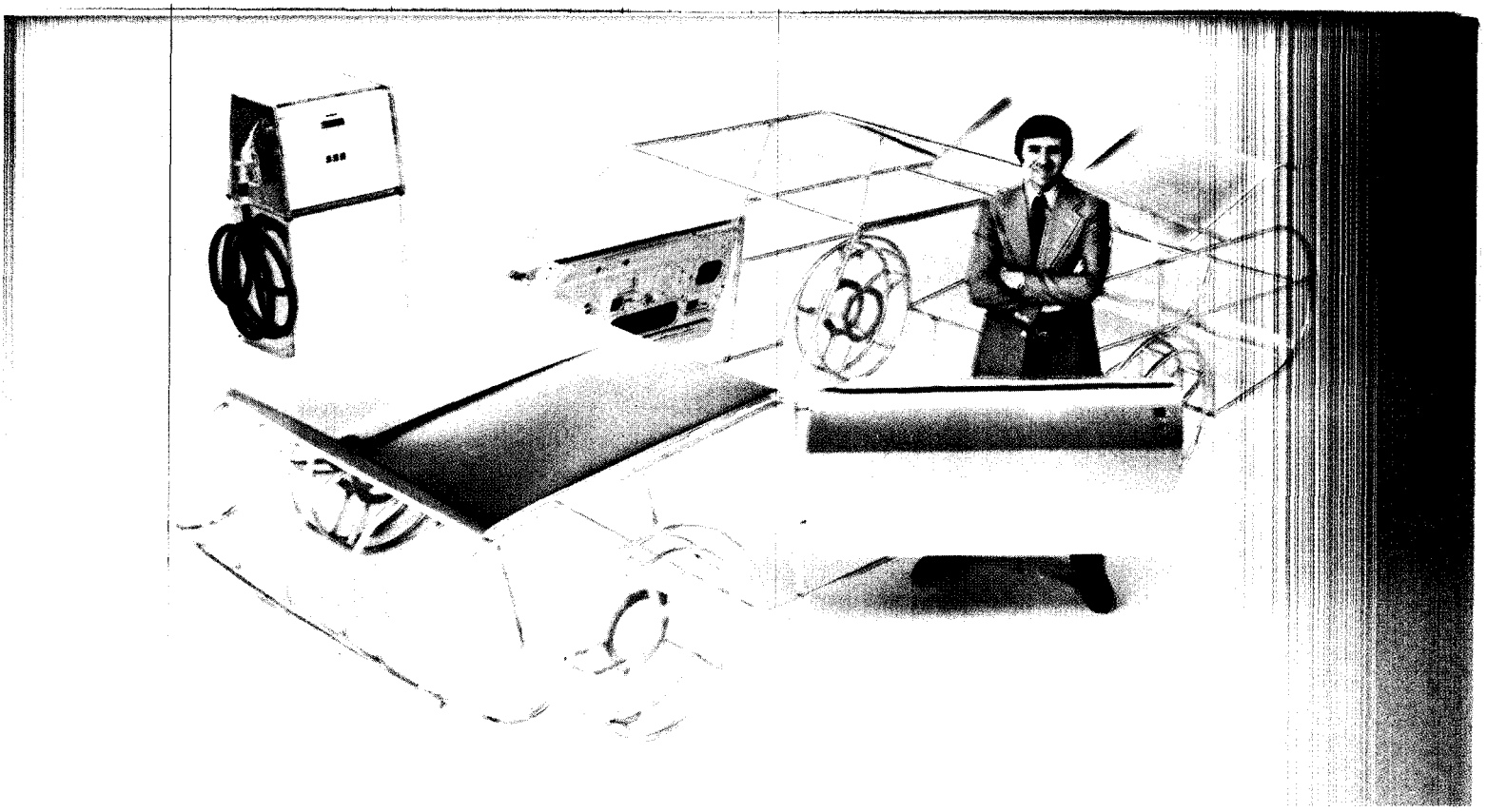

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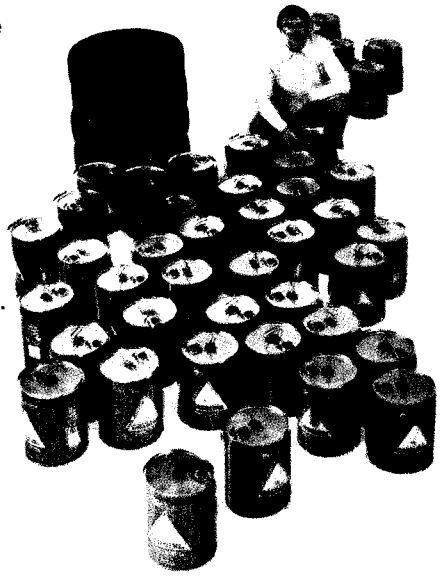

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Not for Bread Alone

WORKING: PEOPLE TALK ABOUT WHAT THEY DO ALL DAY AND HOW THEY FEEL ABOUT WHAT THEY DO
by Studs Terkel
Pantheon, 589 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

When future historians want to know what life was like in twentieth-century America, they will have to consult Studs Terkel's newest book. It is a documentary masterpiece.

To begin, there are all the things that *Working* is not. It is not a quickie job rushed into print to take advantage of the latest political, sexual, or ecological fad. It is not part of the endless stream of confessional journalism that makes the writer the center of every universe. And it does not leave you wondering whether some of the quotes were made up.

Terkel functions as a journalist in the traditional sense: He is very much an outsider, a listener, an observer, rather than an actor or a participant. A well-known Chicago radio commentator, he is also one of the few American journalists who know how to make effective use of the tape recorder—an instrument that, like the more ubiquitous television camera, frequently has the effect of freezing people into caricatures of their real selves. In his two previous books (*Division Street: America* and *Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression*), Terkel showed that a sensitive listener can use the tape recorder to elicit deep feelings that men and women might never express in ordinary conversation.

Working is an even more formidable achievement because of the close link between work and personal worth in American society. When these people talk about their work, they bare more of their identity than many of them would if they were talking about love.

It is impossible to listen to the people in *Working* without a deep sense of depression. (I use the word *listen* advisedly, because the skillful editing of the taped conversations has produced an experience that is as much auditory as literary.) There are occasional interviews with men and women who take great pride in their work—a fireman who says saving lives "shows that I did something on this earth," a stonemason who "can't imagine a job where you go home and maybe go by a year later and you don't know what you've done," a waitress who says that bad service "offends me as a person." For the most part, though, the interviews reveal feelings about work that range from passive boredom to an active sense of degradation and dehumanization.

Most Americans will not be surprised by the revelation that people do not exactly love the work they must do to make a living. What is surprising is the *degree* of indignation expressed by both white- and blue-collar workers and their passionate desire for something better. "Jobs are not big enough for people," says Nora Watson, a writer for an institution that publishes health-care literature. "It's not just the assembly-line worker whose job is too small for his spirit, you know? A job like mine, if you really put your spirit into it, you would sabotage immediately. So you don't dare. So you absent your spirit from it. My mind has been so divorced from my job, except as a source of income, it's really absurd." In one form or another, her viewpoint was echoed by most of the workingmen and women who spoke with Terkel.

Terkel cites the conventional, sanitized concept of work in American life in an excerpt from a Labor Day speech by President Nixon: "The 'work ethic' holds that labor is good in itself; that a man or woman becomes a better person by virtue of the act of working. America's competitive spirit, the 'work ethic' of this people, is alive and well on Labor Day, 1971."

No, it isn't—not if the people Studs Terkel interviewed are telling the truth. More significantly, the work ethic may never have meant what it has come to mean in the mythology of political speeches. Many Americans seem to believe that the older generation loved work for its own sake and that only young people have come to regard work as a distasteful burden. This vision is contradicted by some of the most poignant sections of *Working*—interviews with people who are nearing retirement age and have hated their jobs all their lives. They make it clear that the only reason they punched the time clock each morning was to feed their families.

"What have I done in my forty years of work?" asks Steve Dubi, a fifty-eight-year-old steelworker. "I led a useless life. Here I am almost sixty years old and I don't have anything to show for it. . . . I worked all my life and helped no one. What I'm happy about is that them two boys took my advice and stayed out of the steel mill. We're [to his wife] a couple of dummies. We worked all our lives and we have nothing."

His wife interjects—"You know what we have? We got two million dollars in our children. Even in this angered world, both of these kids turned out good, right? So we're still winners."

Dubi replies, "No thanks to me. . . . I told you I am nothing. After forty years of workin' at the steel mill, I am just a number."

Steve Dubi is proud of his son Leonard, a young Chicago priest who fights Mayor Richard Daley and the steel companies on behalf of his blue-collar parishioners. But the son's success is not enough to make up for a lifetime of what the father regards as degrading work. "My father completely discouraged me from ever thinking of a life as a steelworker," Leonard Dubi remembers.

Susan Jacoby is a free-lance writer. She currently has an Alicia Patterson Fellowship to study the new immigrants to the United States.

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"Where others would admire their fathers for their work in the mills, my father challenged me to lift my horizons beyond that. . . . He's always suffered from back trouble. There were times when just the burden of walking and bending over those steel ingots just knocked his back out and he'd be in pain for days and weeks at a time. . . . I think he has tremendous ability. But because he was caught up in the system so young, the system that kept him so humiliated, he was just frustrated in his life. . . ."

One of the most persistent themes in *Working* is the snooping and bureaucratic harassment through which businesses attempt to control the output of both white- and blue-collar employees. In most large companies, independent judgment and small displays of personal concern are regarded as threats to production efficiency and management control. This attitude—not the laziness of workers—goes a long way toward explaining the deterioration of goods and services that has become a constant consumer lament.

WOULD YOU LIKE a friendly word from the bus driver in the morning? The Chicago Transit Authority frowns on conversations between drivers and passengers and takes the drivers to task if any fraternizing is reported. Terkel interviewed one driver who was chastised for holding a conversation with a woman who happened to be his wife. He was reported to the company by another passenger.

What about a polite chat with a telephone operator? Ma Bell, where telephone operators know they may be monitored by supervisors at any time, is a snooper par excellence. Talking to customers at the other end of the line is strictly forbidden. "If you get caught talking with a customer, that's one black mark against you," says operator Heather Lamb. "You can't help but want to talk with them if they're in trouble or if they're feeling bad or something. . . . Say you've got a guy on the line calling from Vietnam, but his line is busy and you can't interrupt. God knows when he'll be able to get on his line again. You know he's lonesome and he wants to talk to somebody, and there you are and you can't do anything. When I first started, I asked the operator and she says, 'No, he can always call another time.' . . . I'm a communications person and I can't communicate."

Many workers, of course, do not react as sharply to the impersonality of their jobs as the telephone operator. A hospital bill collector said she was disturbed because some sick patients did not have enough money to pay their bills but that she was able to forget her job at the end of the working day. But she does not like to admit that she works "in collections"; she would rather say she works in the collections department of a store than a hospital. "It seems strange that you should have a collection department in a hospital. Patient representative has a better sound. Nobody knows what it's all about. It's like any organized business. They give people such titles that nobody knows what it's all about."

The minority of men and women who truly enjoyed their jobs were usually involved in offbeat occupations like stonemasonry or bookbinding—work that provided much more flexibility and independence than most people could ever hope to achieve. Waitress Dolores Dante was an exception; she was meticulous about every aspect of her job, from squeezing gracefully between tables to emptying ashtrays promptly. "When somebody says to me, 'You're great, how come you're *just* a waitress?' *Just* a waitress. I'd say, 'Why, don't you think you deserve to be served by me?' It's implying that he's not worthy, that I'm not worthy. It makes me irate."

It is both inspiring and saddening to hear the noble dreams of people who feel oppressed by the daily routine they must maintain to support their families. In the book's first interview, a thirty-seven-year-old steelworker laughs and says he would really like to run a combination bookstore and tavern. "I would like to have a place where college kids came and a steelworker could sit down and talk. Where a workingman could not be ashamed of Walt Whitman and where a college professor could not be ashamed that he painted his house over the weekend.

"If a carpenter built a cabin for poets, I think the least the poets owe the carpenter is just three or four one-liners on the wall. A little plaque: 'Though we labor with our minds, this place we can relax in was built by someone who can work with his hands. And his work is as noble as ours. . . .' "

The steelworker's tone indicated that he knew his dream was an unrealizable fantasy. And that is the most depressing realization to emerge from this extraordinary mosaic of American work and life. □

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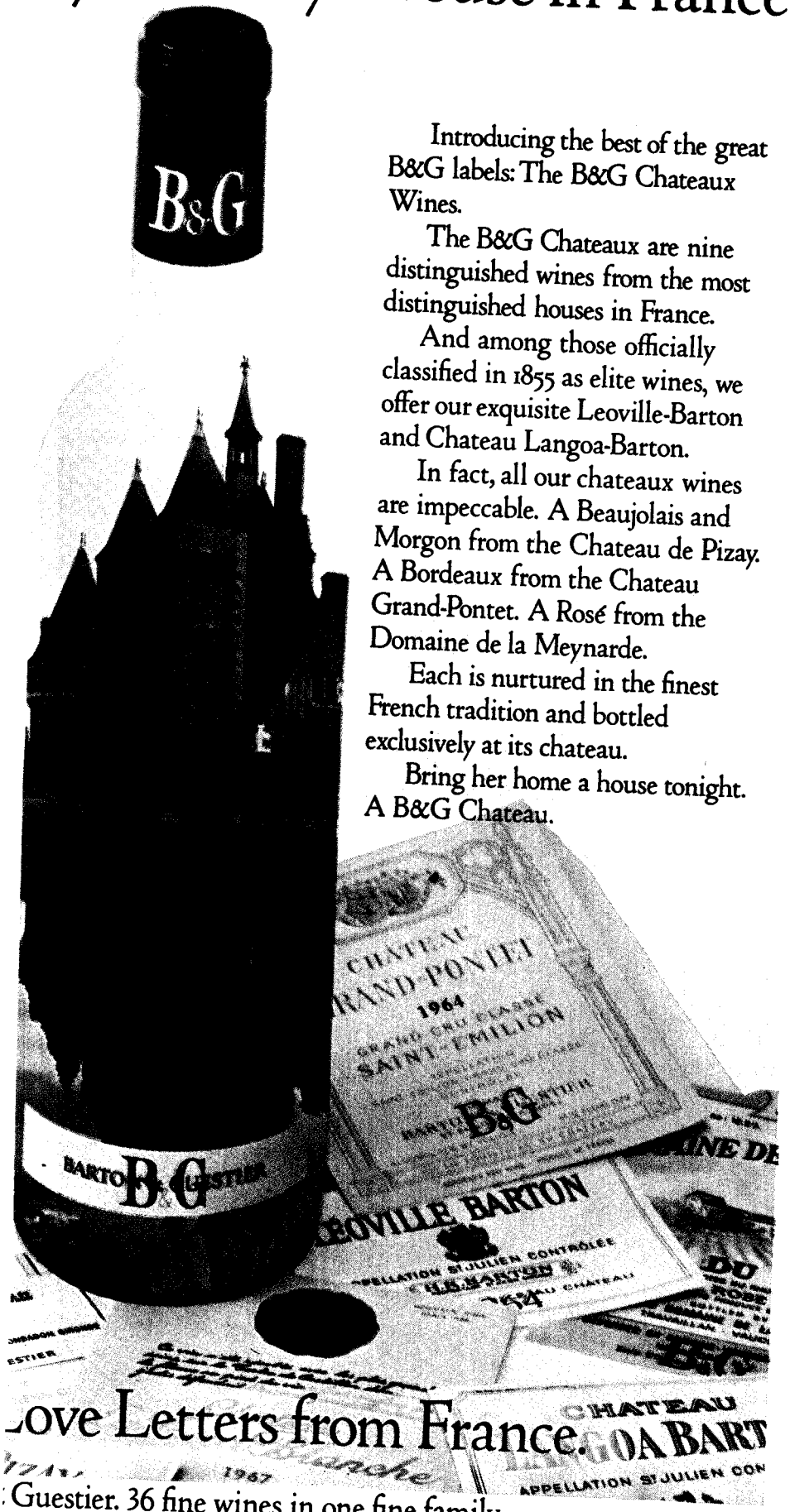
you to buy a house in France.



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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Parson Poet

R. S. Thomas is a Welsh country parson, I would guess in his early sixties. It is generally agreed that he is "one of the half-dozen best poets now writing in English," as Kingsley Amis says on the jacket of *Selected Poems 1956–1968*, just published by St. Martin's Press, which has performed an extremely worthy act. Thomas is austere, tough-minded, but can bring tears. The poems are mostly about the Welsh hill farmers, about nature. Here's a short one, called "January," that I have used three times in my anthologies; I can't get it out of my mind:

The fox drags its wounded belly
Over the snow, the crimson seeds
Of blood burst with a mild explosion,
Soft as excrement, bold as roses.

Over the snow that feels no pity,
Whose white hands can give no healing,
The fox drags its wounded belly.

Now all that remains is for a canny publisher to give us selected poems by Judith Wright from Australia, Edwin Morgan from Scotland, and Irving Layton from Canada.

Injia

The experience of the English in India has always fascinated me, and I had an interesting time with *A Traveler's Tale: Memoirs of India* by a cool Englishwoman, Enid Saunders Candlin, who lived there during some pretty rough years, 1939 to 1947. Macmillan will publish the book on May 16. Here's a story:

There used to appear from time to time accounts of the passage of a long and famous lawsuit over the case of one Kumar Narayan Roy, a very rich man who had been ill and had been finally considered dead. The funeral pyre was prepared, the body laid on it, and the torch was just to be applied when a violent storm broke out and the mourners ran for cover. When they returned the body had disappeared. Roy was not dead, and coming to his senses during the tempest had climbed down from his pyre. But he was not in his right mind. Somehow, in his confused state, he joined a troop of dancing dervishes, with whom he journeyed for twelve years. At the end of this period he happened to come back to his own district where he was recognized. Eventually he recovered his reason; then commenced a long struggle to recover his estates. The heirs contended that the plaintiff was an imposter. This fantastic case continued till 1946—right through the war. At last it was won by the man who had been laid on a pyre, had roamed the country impoverished and of unsound mind for over a decade, and then had to fight for nearly as long to establish his identity.

Seventh Novel

Leslie Thomas was a name familiar to me, but I'd never read him. English, I gathered, and funny. And sexy. The reviews of his *Virgin Soldiers* indicated all that. So I picked up his seventh novel, *Arthur McCann and All His Women* (Harper & Row, April 17), and spent a pleasant evening with it. This McCann is a Welsh boy who gets his sexual initiation during the war from a barrage balloonist (female, that is), then, hating his odious father, goes off to sea, where he's the last surviving torpedo victim, and becomes something of a hero. We go from there with great good humor into marriage (he honeymooned in Swindon; if you've been there you'll know it's a great place for coupling), eventually becomes a ship captain, and has assorted affairs and adventures. Mr. Thomas has obviously found the kind of book he likes to write, and people who read for pleasure will be pleased with him.

Winging It

What Howard Moss has done in *Instant Lives* (May 15, Saturday Review Press/Dutton) is that he has taken a passel of authors and composers, mixed parody and popular misconception, and written funny little biographical sketches full of puns, in-jokes, nonsense—winging it, really. Things like Gauguin's farewell note to his wife: "Sheel: Hate to have to tell you this but Vince and I have left for Tahiti irredeemably. Marriage and the whole middle-class *shtick* is not for me. Take care of Bunny, Lapsie, Gorgon, and Iseult. I left ten francs for you on one of the tables at *La Flore*. Paul." Or Moss's version of what the ophthalmologist Dr. Visione says after examining the eyes of the boy El Greco:

"Why not make a virtue out of a defect, El?" the kindly eye doctor asked, bending over the artistic boy. Or should it be "autistic," the doctor thought to himself. The boy's eyes were not only hopelessly astigmatic, but a peculiarity, unique to the doctor's experience and probably genetic in origin, had elongated the lenses of the irises so that El Greco saw every object in the world attenuated to the point of emaciation. It was as if some abstract giant had pulled the taffy of reality out as far as it would stretch from both ends simultaneously, and then let it snap. The boy was his own distorting mirror and his life would be either a perpetual fun fair or . . . a horror show.

The Lot

"She shrank into herself like a shellfish touched with a knife edge." That's good, one of the nice little touches in *Saxby for God*, a novel by Richard Haley, to be published on May 17 by Coward McCann & Geoghegan. It's a kind of *Room at the Top* set in the textile industry in a Yorkshire town; you know, the ambitious, unscrupulous hero, his bolstering wife and best friend, the dictatorial boss and his unlikable son and heir, and, you betcha, the lovely, mysterious young girl secretary who sets her cap for Our Hero. But good, well written—keeps you turning pages or wanting to get back to it. A novel for readers—if they still exist—who want a strong plot, a villain or two, a beautiful girl, some sex, rich versus poor—the lot. □

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(**Solzhenitsyn:** *Continued from page 24.*) been responsible for millions of murders. They were removed from power, having happened to lose a round in the struggle. But they were pensioned off quietly. Terror operatives on the winning side kept their jobs. So the Soviet taxpayers are still securing a serene old age for those who murdered their fathers and uncles—and to come to think of it, their mothers and aunts. It is to be remembered, moreover, that almost all the present leaders held posts under Stalin. Many of the current politburo and secretariat were members of Stalin's own central committee. The top figures—Brezhnev, Kosygin, Suslov—rose from the ranks to high position during the worst of the terror in the late Thirties.

Then again, Solzhenitsyn, it is true, denounces the terror with passion; but even more intolerable from the point of view of the *apparat* is the stinging contempt that he expresses for all concerned. They do not appear as men of a certain horrible grandeur, like Robespierre or Genghis Khan, but as vile little pygmies, birdbrained, sniggering torturers.

Perhaps the most important lesson, indeed, is how difficult it is for us in the Western political culture really to make the effort of imagination, as well as that of intellect, to conceive what the other lot are really like, what their background really is. I myself, as a student of Soviet politics for many years, and one not inclined to grant them unproven virtues, have found myself still tending, if I do not make that effort, to grant more common sense in the Western style, to make "natural" assumptions of conduct, however evil, in ways that do not necessarily apply. I remember once asking that profound student of Russia, the late Tibor Szamuely, himself a former inmate of the camps, a question about the military purges. I could see, I said, why Stalin had shot Marshal Tukhachevsky, but I did not see why he shot Marshal Yegorov. Tibor's answer was simple: "Why not?"

That effort of the imagination is made much easier for all of us by the power of Solzhenitsyn's writing in this book. Pasternak breaks off his *Sketch for an Autobiography* before the frightful years of the Yezhovshchina with the words "to continue it would be immeasurably difficult . . . one would have to talk in a manner which would grip the heart and make the hair stand on end. . . ." This Solzhenitsyn (in some sense Pasternak's successor) has done in *Gulag Archipelago.* □

Books in Brief

ALIVE: THE STORY OF THE ANDES SURVIVORS
by Piers Paul Read
Lippincott, 352 pp., $10.00

The inherent drama in the plight of the survivors of a plane crash high in the Andes, and the extreme, if obvious, means they took to survive, must seem inordinately tempting to a writer. It is hard to bore a reader with such stuff. Yet Mr. Read comes close to succeeding, and for the reason that can make all such journalistic drama fail. It is the overweaning temptation to tell the story from the point of view of the subjects, and that is largely the problem with Mr. Read's work. The book reads as a rather graceful official spokesman might have put matters, not as a writer might have written them, which is a pity, for Mr. Read has, otherwise, a clean and serviceable prose. On the other hand, regular references to such things as "the anthropophagous aspect of the Christmas miracle" is evidence that a clean and serviceable prose is not immune to the requirements of that dull respectfulness which characterizes the work. It is a final, though by no means surprising, irony to learn from Mr. Read in a note that some of the survivors, upon reading the manuscript, felt disappointed at the rendering of their characters. The moral that may be derived from this, if any, is that trying to please everyone has a way of pleasing no one.

•

LIVING ROOM
by Sol Stein
Arbor House, 309 pp., $7.95

Shirley Hartman is by nature and sometimes by inadvertence a winner. A conqueror, a woman of carelessly inventive mind, Mr. Stein's heroine finds, at twenty-eight, that there are certain victories that have eluded an otherwise unbroken pattern of triumphs, and those, one is not surprised to learn, have to do with a fulfilling love relationship. The dolorous message that resounds through the book is but a larger echo of the warnings pinned on Shirley's long-dead mother, urging her not to be so smart. Too much smartness is not good for emotional life. Mr. Stein has arranged it so that his heroine's career plays out the wisdom of that theme without too much fancy disguise. That, and the fact that he has an agile hand with dialogue, renders Mr. Stein's new novel reasonably interesting. It is clear that beneath the slick patter and the familiar ethnic conceits Mr. Stein has conceived of a character of some complexity and has addressed himself with some seriousness to a psychic life of a recognizable sort, a virtue which novel readers might in other times expect as a matter of course, but for which, in these days, some gratitude seems appropriate.

•

LETTING DOWN MY HAIR
by Lorrie Davis with Rachel Gallagher
Introduction by Tom O'Horgan
Arthur Fields Books, 279 pp., $7.95

Miss Davis's is an insider's story of *Hair*, the rock musical that was, to the eager and the believing, the symbol of the Aquarian Age. She tells it with a minimum of spleen, all things considered, but then the mere recitation of events—the most ordinary description of such things as *Hair's* "creed"—is such as to make spleen seem superfluous. Miss Davis was one of the original cast members of *Hair*. She remained in it for over two years, up until the morning when she stood watching one of the show's innumerable assistant directors putting the cast through their sensory exercises and suddenly asked herself what she was doing there. It is possible to make a case for the claim that all of the ailments of the age—its hard-fisted "love" ethos, its smarmy pandering to youth, its rampant narcissism (in the disguise of sensitivity), its violent anti-intellectualism—were at the heart of the premises of a show like *Hair*. Still, neither the producers nor the cast of *Hair* can really be said to have contributed much to the character of the age. Those honors, if any, must go to the universities and to the professoriat. Miss Davis's story is loosely constructed and gossipy; yet it offers a tart and illuminating view of backstage events, and, more important, of the sensibilities that conceived *Hair* and turned the love ethos into a profit of $6,286,565.

•

IN A MAN'S TIME
by Peter Marin
Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $7.95

Mr. Marin has undertaken an in-depth psychosexual exploration of himself and

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of his various relations with the women who cross his path, and the result is such as to seem altogether fitting and proper to the cultural age in which such a work could be bred: For, indeed, when but in this time could a work so puffed up with cant and the most squalid sort of self-aggrandizement be put forth with any confidence? Mr. Marin travels across America, writing, lecturing, experiencing himself as he grows (as he has no doubt put it somewhere), and recording all that he has felt with troubled women, friends, and the wife and children from whom he comes and goes in search of himself. They too, it is understood, are in search of themselves: None of this works unless everyone involved is out hunting himself up. There is an inadvertent but powerful sort of comedy played out here, the effect of portentous introductions, one after another, to the new name, the new liaison, each set forth with the same degree of solemnity as the one that came before. But even inadvertent comedy has a short life here, for the vacant lyricism of the prose, the heavings, and the intimations of meaning in sentences that do, in fact, mean nothing signal that matters are serious here. "But now she is rigid, cold to the touch, cold with the kind of coldness that comes from the absence of life" is a fair sample of the style. It is also a description of a woman with whom Mr. Marin enjoyed a sexual encounter and in whom he finds now that he has no further interest, a turn of events whose just consequences to the lady are readily apparent in the line in question.

There is clearly, somewhere, a populous marshland in which sensibilities of the sort evident here batten comfortably before going forth into the world, a place where lyrical impressions about love, compassion, connection, sex, and, above all, the self, are expressed and exchanged with little definition and less coherence. No ideas whatever are required in the marshland (except for the aforementioned lyric impressions), and yet it is the remarkable nature of this land that Mr. Marin inhabits, that in it the agitation of any given set or combination of approved marshland subjects (such as love, compassion, or the wholly realized self) is equivalent to an idea. Happy are they who labor under such beliefs. Happy too, no doubt, are the publishers who buy their books, but happier still are they who do not have to read what is in those books.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

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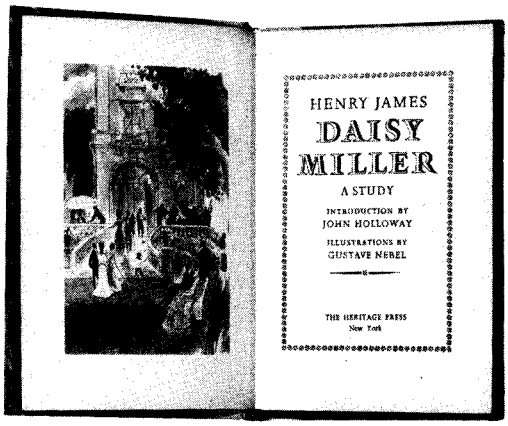

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

In honor of National Library Week, we have two offerings. The first is our favorite copyright of the year. It was found by Beverly Harris of the University of Miami Press, in a book called *Tool Shed* by Jan Adkins (Walker Publishing). The copyright:

We have gone to considerable difficulty and expense to assemble a staff of necromancers, sorcerers, shamans, conjurers, and lawyers to visit nettlesome and mystifying discomforts on any ninny who endeavors to reproduce or transmit this book in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission from the publisher. Watch yourself.

The way we look at it, we've got our nerve even telling you about it. We're just hoping the copyright doesn't cover the copyright. In any case, our second offering is our candidate for Library Researcher No. 1. He's Mr. Bruce Tennant of Long Beach, California. A student at Cal State Dominguez and a man who supports himself as what he calls a "psychiatric transcriber," he has, as he modestly puts it, "run into quite a few unusual phobias." Here they are:

MYSOPHOBIA—Fear of filth
SCOPOPHOBIA—Fear of being seen naked
BRONTOPHOBIA—Fear of thunder
STASIPHOBIA—Fear of standing erect
HYALOPHOBIA—Fear of glass
THASSOPHOBIA—Fear of sitting idle
ERGOPHOBIA—Fear of work
MYTHOPHOBIA—Fear of lying
KENOPHOBIA—Fear of large, open spaces
SCOTOPHOBIA—Fear of darkness
AMENOPHOBIA—Fear of wind
GALEOPHOBIA—Fear of cats
TAPHOPHOBIA—Fear of being buried alive
TRICHOPHOBIA—Fear of hair
ANTHOPHOBIA—Fear of flowers
BASIPHOBIA—Fear of walking
SIDERODROMOPHOBIA—Fear of trains
NUCLEOMITOPHOBIA—Fear of atomic explosions
PHOBOPHOBIA—Fear of your fears
PANOPHOBIA—Fear of everything

Remember the good old days—when we had nothing to fear but fear itself?

In Honor of National Lie Week—April 15, what else?—we offer you Form 1040. Our informer—Anne Buchanan of Middleton, Wisconsin:

What Income to Report
Examples of Incomes You Must Report—
Wages, salaries, bonuses, commissions, fees, and tips
Earned income from sources outside U.S.
Earnings (interest) from savings and loan associations, mutual savings, banks, credit unions
Interest on tax refunds
Interest on bank deposits, bonds, notes
Interest on U.S. Savings Bonds
Interest on arbitrage bonds issued after October 9, 1969, by state and local governments
Profits from businesses and professions
Your share of profits from partnerships and small business corporations
Pensions, annuities, endowments
Supplemental annuities under the Railroad Retirement Act
Profits from the sale or exchange of real estate securities or other property
Rents and royalties
Your share of estate or trust income
Employer supplemental unemployment income
Alimony, separate maintenance or support payments received from and deductible by your spouse or former spouse
Prizes and awards (contests, raffles, etc.)
Fees received for jury duty and precinct election-board duty
Fees received by an Executor, Administrator, or Director
Embezzled or other illegal income

If we'd only had that before Watergate, just think—dead to water.

Whining and Dining Dept.—as found by Heidi Makela of Shaker Heights, Ohio, in *Cleveland* magazine:

The Academy Tavern is one restaurant which doesn't really need the publicity that a review of this sort gives. This venerable establishment is already well patronized by a faithful clientele of regulars who pilgrimage, sometimes daily, to the friendly, unpretentious spot for meals guaranteed to be hearty and inexpensive. Though it's been some time since we last paid a visit, things have barely changed. Only the menu appeared different by the addition of some hefty Italian stables.

Thanks, fella, for the plug.

Book Review—by Ann Wolfe in the Columbus *Dispatch*, of the book *Roger Casement* by Brian Inglis, as found by R. L. F. McCoombs:

The young Ulsterman was a compassionate, romantic, aspiring poet and a born champion of the under-god.

From, we presume, a heavenly Democratic district. □

"Our Senator is doodling!"

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

The President and Me

Many years ago when I was making X number of dollars and my tax return showed X number of dollars profit, I was often challenged by the infernal revenue department, which would not allow X number of dollars in deductions. So I paid X number of dollars for my revised X number of profit dollars.

(These figures are not to be confused with Exxon numbers of profit dollars.)

That's why I can't get too fired up about a man who at least tries to get away with whatever he can in deductions. And I think it's about time we retired that tiresome, currently popular grumble that goes: "I make $20,000 a year and pay more taxes than Nixon, and he makes $200,000 a year."

I've had it up to here with my TV set, which, for more than a year now, has been repeating that odious comparison, despite the President's accountants' having made it crystal clear how they loopholed the 1969 tax-reform law. They simply "back-dated" to 1969 the President's 1970 donation to the National Archives, his vice-presidential papers, appraised at $576,000.

The accountants claim this finagling is legal because "the INTENTION to donate was clear" in 1969. I go along with that because I can relate to it. I will now relate it.

WHEN I WAS BORN (speaking of way-back dating), it was the consensus of everyone who looked into my crib that I would grow up to be President. At the age of ten, having discarded, in succession, ambitions to become a policeman, a fireman, and a letter carrier, I decided to become a doctor. That Christmas my parents gifted me with a medical kit, complete with a stethoscope, tin scalpels, and several tongue depressors.

I began my practice with a patient who lived in the apartment next to ours. I started slowly. At first I felt the pulse, then used the tongue depressor, and asked my patient to say "ah." During subsequent house calls I grew more courageous, using the stethoscope to listen to her bared chest.

Josephine, age eight, went along with my explorations until one day, after I had left her, her mother found Josie in some dishabille. Her mother immediately paid a visit to my mother and asked me to leave the room. There followed a lively discussion, which I overheard by holding a glass tumbler to the wall (the original bugging equipment). It was obvious they didn't agree with my diagnosis of Josie's ailments.

When Josie's mother had departed with a promise that it wouldn't happen again, I was called front and center by my mother, who took away my medical kit, told me to forget about being a doctor, and concluded by saying, "As for becoming President of the United States, you'll be lucky to be vice-president."

Charged with malpractice by the AMA—American Mothers Association.

Thus unemployed, I concentrated on my mother's suggestion to become vice-president. I began collecting all my papers, essays written in civics class, drawings, Rorschach noodlings, and the like. It was my INTENTION that one day I would give them to the National Archives. My room was a storehouse of papers.

My mother was helpful in appraising them. "Get rid of that trash," she said. "It's a fire hazard." I got rid of it. Big mistake, as you will see.

NOW THOUSANDS OF PAGES fly off a calendar in a montage; lapse of time. The year is 1972, August 4. A letter is received from Mr. Nathan R. Einhorn, chief of the Exchange and Gift Division of the Library of Congress. He invites me to turn over all my papers to the library. More letters follow, from Paul T. Heffron, acting chief, and L. Quincy Mumford, librarian of Congress.

Finally they were sent to the library—fifteen years of "Easy Aces" scripts and fifteen years of TV writing. Now, here is where the President and I part company. I could find no one willing to backdate the INTENTION of my gift to the turn of the century. But as I say, you can't blame a man for trying.

Incidentally, going back in time again, the following Christmas my mother presented me with a small typewriter. Her advice: "Whatever you write, be sure it's from the bottom of your heart, never off the top of your head." That's where I went wrong. If she had let me stay in the doctor racket, I would now be making profits of Exxon number of dollars. □

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

What Good Is It?

When, in the fourth century A.D., Constantine established Constantinople as the second capital of the Roman Empire, he set in process the most far-reaching change in European history. The Catholic church did not at once divide, but it did rapidly become two separate churches with doctrinal differences arising from distinct bodies of interpretative scholarship. Bit by bit religious questions that had once been open to debate settled into established certainties, both East and West. Open religious questions did not exist in the medieval church; there was only the true faith in the certified revelations of Jesus as announced by his Apostles and their successors. It simply did not come to mind that the revelation consisted of preachments and parables necessarily subject to interpretation, and that officially evolved interpretations are not the same thing as the original declarations—as, for example, the Constitution of the United States is no longer the doctrine signed by the Fathers but a whole library of interpretations that has evolved from the original. The Eastern and Western churches began with the same "constitution" and then divided into two bodies of interpretation that eventually lost all reference to one another.

A thousand years later the Medici emerged in Florence as one of the most powerful families in Europe. The Medici fortune was based on wool and on regular commerce with the East. The voyages that made the Medici rich and powerful also established contact with a body of ideas that Europe had not looked into for a millennium. When the Medici developed as supreme patrons of the arts and of philosophy, it was only natural that Eastern scholars be invited to the party. The court of Lorenzo the Magnificent (1449–92) was an academy of arts and letters, and in it, for the first time in a millennium, Eastern and Western scholars of comparable qualification met and discussed questions that had been closed since East had gone East and West had stayed home. Those discussions became a revolution in men's minds, a revolution further excited by the discovery of the New World in the year Lorenzo died. When, on October 31 of 1517, Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the door of the Wittenberg Cathedral, he was (aside from attacking the church practice of selling indulgences) posting a digest of the topics discussed at the court of the Medici. Protestant Europe, first phrased in Lorenzo's court, was nailed to that church door within twenty-five years of his death.

European Christianity divided into many sects. Religious war, persecution, and inquisition followed. To escape death and worse, people of many sects migrated to the New World. Their memory of church persecution was to shape into the founding idea of the United States the bedrock doctrine of separation of church and state, and of every man's right to evolve his own religious metaphors for the unanswerable.

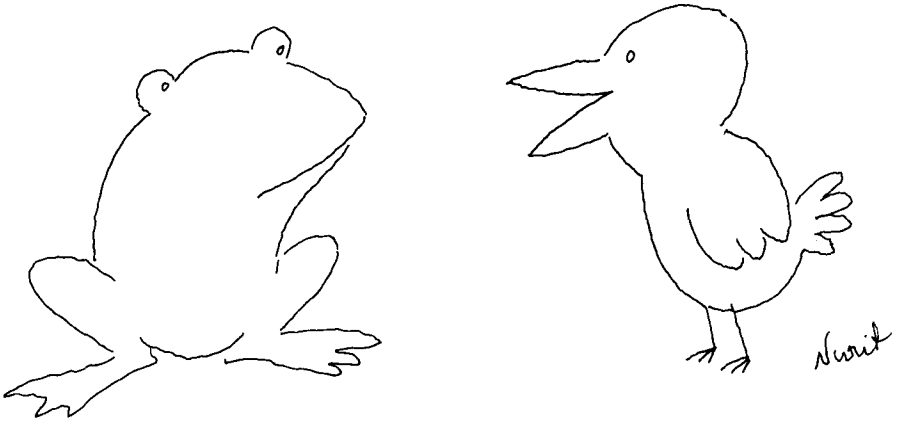
It had been not only a meeting of minds that had happened in the fifteenth-century courts of the Medici but also a meeting of worlds, and from that meeting a new world was born in one of history's most dramatic illustrations of the power of free discussion. Constantine had changed Europe; the Medici changed the world.

It may seem piddling to take great examples to small conclusions in one's own feelings. Yet I often find myself thinking of the Medici when men who are impatient with the length of ideas and concerned only with finding their immediate usefulness insist on being told the good of this thought or of that. Try wheedling your neighbor along to the next show at the Museum of Modern Art and watch him go for art in exactly this way. What good is it? he will want to know. What good is it right *here and now?*

All art and all ideas are for *now*, but in which *now* is one living? And is any *now* the measure of all things? When, in the Forties, Stalin scolded various Russian composers for writing music the Red Army did not understand, Boris Goldofsky wisely remarked that Stalin was denying the Red Army of the future the music it could respond to.

Intellect and art are of their times timeless, not apart from their times, but through them to the longer sense of the experience of the race on this slightly tilted and always perilous planet. What good is an idea or a work of art if it does not solve some immediate problem? Only time can tell. But if there is a ghost of a Medici still in men's minds, that ghost will have its answer.

"Let it out into the open," it will say, "and it may change the world." □



"Hi! I'm Twiddle and I was born to fly."

WIT TWISTER NO. 19

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 46.

Harsh Winter's snorting steeds are
— — — — — — — now,
And Spring's soft hand restores the
— — — — — — — heath.
The — — — — — — — — oak
tree's blizzard-stricken brow
Is crowned again with Flora's freshest wreath.

A. S.

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT

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Is the U.S. Copping Out on the Sea Law Conference?

With only two months remaining before the Law of the Sea Conference (*World Environment Newsletter,* September 25, 1973), the heretofore strong U.S. position in favor of an international ocean regime and of sharing the potential wealth of the deep-sea bed is now in doubt. Unless Secretary Kissinger can find time to study the issues and to exert some muscle against the U.S. Treasury, the Federal Energy Office, and the Office of Management and Budget, the internationalist position long incorporated in National Security Council directives may be replaced by a narrow concept of self-interest.

Even before the resignation of Secretary George Shultz, the Treasury was reportedly asking whether we would not be better off without an international regime for the oceans, leaving the United States free to exploit its advantage in wealth and technology. The fuel crisis has added to the pressure for extensive review of the U.S. position, lest a drop of oil or hard minerals escapes our grasp.

These nationalistic considerations have long been weighed, but through three years of preparatory negotiations the United States has rejected them. Instead, it sought to give substance to the U. N. General Assembly declaration that the oceans' resources are the common heritage of mankind. The U. S. plan for a comprehensive international regime for the oceans was probably the best of several submitted (in 1970), and at least through last summer, the United States was consistently on the side of reasoned internationalism in the complex negotiations.

As it properly should, the State Department played the dominant role in policy formulation for the Law of the Sea Conference until late 1973. Then the economists from other departments and agencies moved in, demonstrating an interest they had never shown before. They still have a lot to learn before they are competent to judge the national interest by the broad criteria required in the extraordinarily complex circumstances. A shift in policy now toward a position of narrow self-interest would mean a lost opportunity, lost leadership, and quite probably a hung conference.

Global Report

Hamburg—The world's largest untapped source of natural protein is in the seas of the Antarctic, where a small, shrimp-like crustacean—the krill—swims in massive shoals. Though knowledge is scant, scientists have estimated that the krill might yield a sustained annual harvest of as much as 300 million tons. So far only the Russians have fished for Antarctic krill, on a small scale.

Here at the Federal Fisheries Research Station, plans are going forward to send an expedition into Antarctic waters next year to learn more about the krill and to test equipment for catching it. Nets must be extremely fine and accurately controlled at great depths. The Germans will also try to find out whether high-technology methods of locating the shoals are required.

Means of shelling the heavily armored krill have not yet been found. The Russians simply grind up the lot, using it as feed supplement for domestic animals. With fish meal and soybeans in acutely short supply, the economics and technology for catching and processing krill are promising. Success would mean an enormous increase in the world's protein supply.

Moscow—Some of the high-yield strains of wheat introduced in the Soviet Union in recent years have proven more vulnerable to pests than those they replaced. An article in *Pravda* excoriates various state agencies for allowing intensive strains to be used after they were tested only for rust, not for pests.

A special correspondent, Yu. Chernichenko, writes that "the increased outlays on plant protection are outstripping the increment in agricultural output. In twenty years' time, the harvests from our fields have doubled, while expenses on their protection have gone up ten times." The Ministry of Agriculture estimates that crop losses "from harmful organisms" amount to 12 billion rubles a year. (A ruble is worth somewhat more than a dollar.)

Crowthorne, England—A three-story office building and laboratory that has been constructed here exemplifies a new approach to the design of steel frames and effects a 35 percent saving in the weight of the columns. In conventional multi-story buildings, outsized columns are used not so much because of the great weight they carry as because of sideway stresses and twisting pressures. In the new approach developed by the Building Research Establishment, founded in 1921 and now within the Department of the Environment, much more slender, less rigid columns are used and then braced against side sway. Overall, the concept of "variable stiffness design" is said to save 20 to 25 percent on steel, economize on the amount of casing required, and reduce the intrusion of the structural members into room space.

Resource Shortages Are Spurring Auto Recycling

The ill wind of resource shortages, combined with several new and benevolent technologies, is blowing a lot of abandoned cars off streets and roadsides everywhere. A tripling in the price of scrap steel over the last two years and new methods for flattening and shredding autos mean that hauling hulks off highways has become profitable. The growth of electric furnaces, which, unlike oxygen furnaces, can use as much as 100 percent scrap in making steel, also has spurred demand.

The conservation-minded Swedes estimate that they have half a million derelict cars, creating a great ratio of derelict cars to vehicle owners than the U.S. has. According to the National Center for Resource Recovery in Washington, of all consumer products, automobiles are the most generally recycled —a surprising 85 percent in the United States. And the proportion is growing. Whereas cities used to have to pay scrap dealers to haul abandoned cars away, dealers are now paying municipalities for the privilege. Demand for steel has been at an all-time high (though the decline in auto production may affect this), and the world market for ferrous scrap is strong. U.S. exports in 1973 set an all-time record—up 66 percent over the previous year.

The modern automobile shredder, of which more than a hundred are now in operation throughout the country, can chew up 1000 cars a day and separate all their component materials by a se-

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quence of magnets, blowers, flotation, and high-temperature processes. Another innovation that has greatly aided in the recycling of abandoned autos is the portable flattener, which, after removal of the engine block and transmission, can level a car until it is only a foot high. This permits a flat-bed trailer, bound for a shredding plant, to carry twenty-four hulks instead of five or six.

Nevertheless, the collection of autos abandoned in rural areas remains a problem, and many states are still considering ways of encouraging proper disposal. At least twenty-two states have legislation, passed or pending, that levies fees, imposes fines, or applies an added purchase tax, recoverable only if the car is delivered to an authorized center when its days are done.

One factor that may affect the economics of auto recycling is the growing use of plastics in auto manufacture. Though the strong trend may be lessened by the shortage of petrochemicals, the substitution of plastics in place of heavier materials is one of the principal means of making lighter cars. This desirable objective is offset by the fact that plastic scrap cannot as yet be recycled; when dumped, it does not decompose and, when burned, is noxiously polluting. The U.S. Bureau of Mines and the major auto manufacturers have recently entered an agreement for research and exchange of information on the recycling of plastics from scrap. Unless they are successful, or unless the petroleum shortage changes the present trend, we may soon have 2 billion pounds of plastic to get rid of annually from junked autos alone.

Books

A Matter of People by Dom Moraes. Praeger, New York, 224 pp., $7.95.

This is a book about population, researched and written in seven months by a respected poet and journalist who knew nothing about the subject one year ago. Despite the limitations and lapses that these conditions imposed, *A Matter of People* deserves a wide reading.

Dom Moraes is an Indian, better known in Europe and Asia than in the United States. In February of last year, the United Nations Fund for Population Activities asked him to write a book that would humanize population problems and would be readable to the uninitiated —in the author's words, those "who knew as little about population as I did."

The resulting work would serve as a centerpiece of the World Population Year and bear somewhat the same relationship to the World Population Conference (in August) as *Only One Earth: the Care and Maintenance of a Small Planet*, by Barbara Ward and René Dubos, bore to the Stockholm Conference: that is, an officially commissioned, unofficial work, commercially published in many languages. The point is emphasized because the freedom of the United Nations to commission and make available works that have not been approved by member nations (thereby escaping watering down to the lowest common denominator) is a relatively new and vitally important precedent that can vastly increase the United Nations' impact.

Having accepted the UNFPA's invitation, Dom Moraes set off with his talented wife to visit a dozen countries on four continents and to talk with government officials, family-planning workers, and the desperately poor, whose lives had been touched or untouched by efforts at maternal and infant care. Mr. Moraes views all with a steady eye and sometimes reaches highly controversial, conclusions. Not one of the countries visited is likely to be pleased by his impressions, and experts as well as special pleaders will be less than wholly satisfied. But for others, especially those who have seen the population problem exclusively in terms of exploding numbers, Mr. Moraes's observations and interviews will be informing.

It is regrettable that the work had to be executed on such a backbreaking schedule and that, once completed at public expense, it is available only in hard cover at a high price.

The Big Change by Max Nicholson. McGraw-Hill, New York, 288 pp., $8.95.

Taking up where *The Environmental Revolution* left off, Britain's feisty scientist-philosopher explores the application of ecology and ethology to the search for a new alternative basis for the development of human societies. "Our inherited culture is dying," Nicholson writes, "and can no longer be serviceable to us." Central to his search for an alternative is "finding a global view of Man's life and function on earth." A disturbing, provocative, and passionate book.

Coastal Ecology: Bodega Head by Michael G. Barbour, Robert B. Craig, Frank R. Drysdale, and Michael T. Ghiselin. University of California Press, Berkeley, 338 pp., $10.95.

Four young scientists representing several disciplines examine in detail the varied habitats of one small coastal peninsula about sixty-five miles north of San Francisco. For some, the book will tell more than they want to know; for others—not necessarily professional students—it will afford a fascinating lesson in ecology, its perceptions, techniques, and relevance far beyond Bodega Head. Many drawings, tables, and excellent appendices.

Direct Use of the Sun's Energy by Farrington Daniels. Ballantine, New York, 271 pp., $1.95 (paper).

First published ten years ago, this classic work by the late Farrington Daniels has hardly been surpassed and is still not dated, because the basic technology has changed little over the decade. The book's initial purpose was "to interest scientists and engineers in undertaking research" in the field; hence it is not easy going. But for the general reader it offers interesting browsing, and for the serious student thinking of harnessing solar heat for his home or some other small-scale purpose, it is a virtually complete handbook.

Earth Talk: Independent Voices on the Environment by Tom Artin. Grossman, New York, 176 pp., $7.95.

Anyone who wishes that he'd been in Stockholm in June 1972 at the time of the U.N. Conference on the Human Environment, or was there and still isn't sure what happened, this is an informed report—part history, part celebration. More importantly, it conveys the perceptions of New Left and radical Third World intellectuals as they relate to environmental issues. Though concentrating on the activities of Dai Dong, just one of the organizations participating in the counter-conference at Stockholm, Mr. Artin gives everybody his due, with style if not unwavering objectivity.

World Directory of Environmental Education Programs prepared by the International Institute for Environmental Affairs in cooperation with the Institute of International Education. Bowker, New York, 289 pp., $14.95.

This is a first effort to identify and describe programs of environmental teaching and training offered in post-secondary institutions throughout the world. The volume describes more than 1100 programs in 750 institutions in seventy countries. In addition to a subject index, appendices cross-reference institutions by type(s) of program(s) in six categories, from highly integrated degree programs to short-term training programs.

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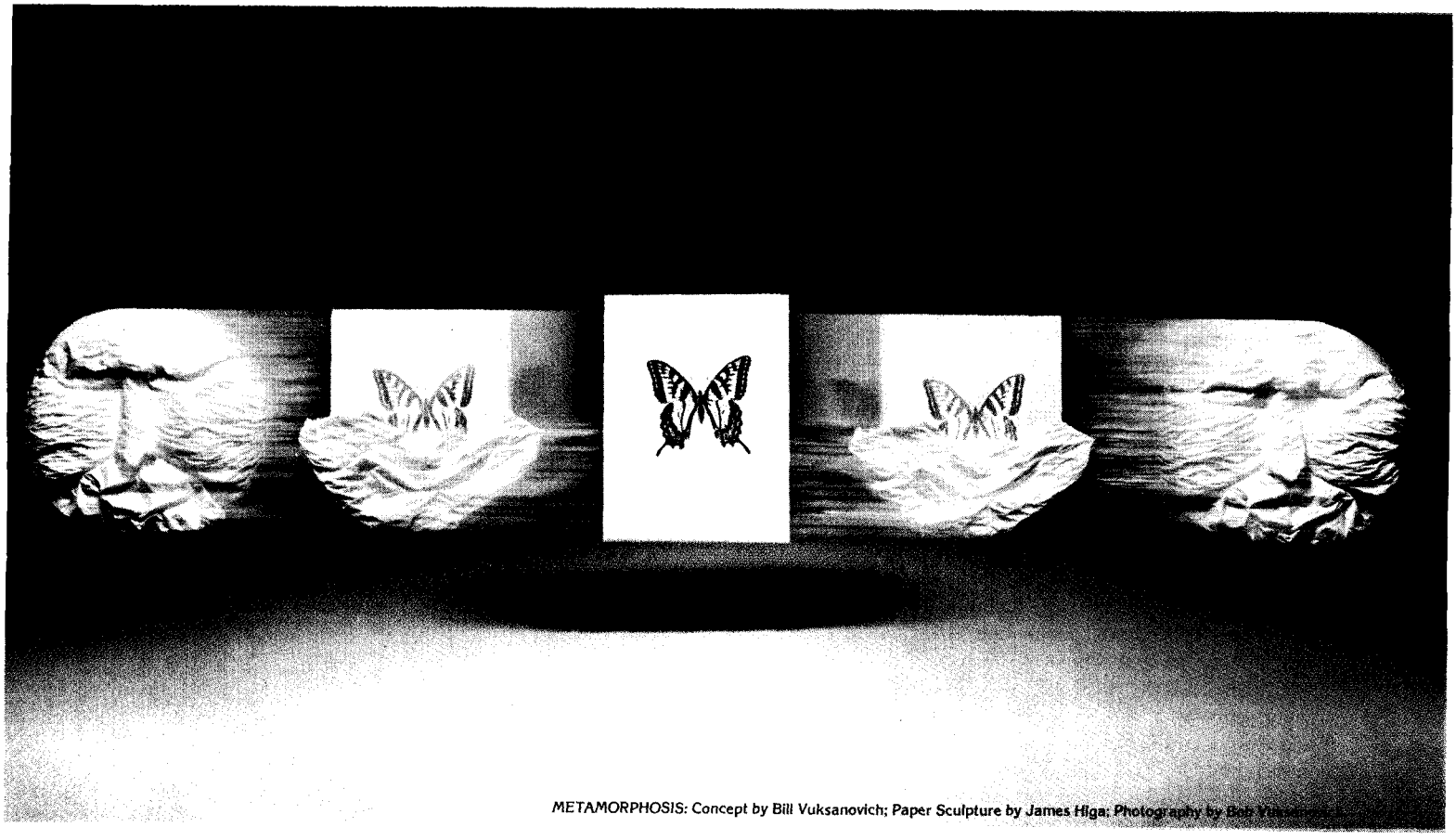

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Music

"New and Newer" Dennis Davies; Callas, Niska

by Irving Kolodin

Dennis Russell Davies is an arresting example of a young American conductor who has made a career of conducting the music in which he is interested, rather than the repertory normally associated with a success. This, to be sure, means that he has had to go where there is an audience for such music, as in St. Paul, Minnesota, where he conducts a chamber orchestra, or Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he has conducted opera, or Santa Cruz, California, where he recently became director of the Cabrillo Music Festival. But, periodically, he also appears at Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center, where he presides over the "New and Newer Music" series.

The premise, I would suppose, is that all music is new if you are unacquainted with it, such as the midwestern nonconformist John Becker's *Mockery.* A bright, cheerful piece of musical iconoclasm, it said what it had to say much more succinctly than the "newer" work by Carla Bley of this year titled *3/4.* Miss Bley is much bothered by the walls that do or do not separate jazz and concert music. If she has learned something from hearing Keith Jarrett (formerly pianist with Miles Davis) as soloist in her partly improvised, partly written-out creation with an ensemble of fifteen or so players, Davies's enterprise will have served its purpose.

To Davies's credit, he is neither doctrinaire nor self-centered in his enthusiasm for contemporary music. Between the Becker and the Bley he offered a variety of works by Copland (Piano Variations), Milhaud (*La Création du monde*), and Hall Overton (String Quartet No. 3)—all affiliated to some extent with jazz. The connection ranged from direct (in the Copland, which he performed brilliantly himself) to remote (in the Overton, an absorbing piece well played by a foursome of young string players headed by Miss Linda Quan). His own direction of the by now classic Milhaud score was a model of cool objectivity. This may not be exactly what the composer had in mind, but that is his penalty for having written a classic. Davies, clearly, is a conductor who is here to stay and one whom any audience is obliged to stay to hear.

In the aftermath of their joint venture, it is clear that Maria Callas and Giuseppe Di Stefano would have served themselves and their public better had they done it all on TV. This would have saved barrels of time and money, not to mention gas (such as was expended by some who drove in for a canceled Sunday night concert in Carnegie Hall).

For those who may contend that TV would have denied them a direct contact with the veritable Callas, my response would be: "They haven't had it yet." What they saw was a glorified Maria and Pepe (the Italian diminutive for Giuseppe) Show, in which more time was consumed between 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. by nonsinging than singing, and most of what was heard did no credit to either.

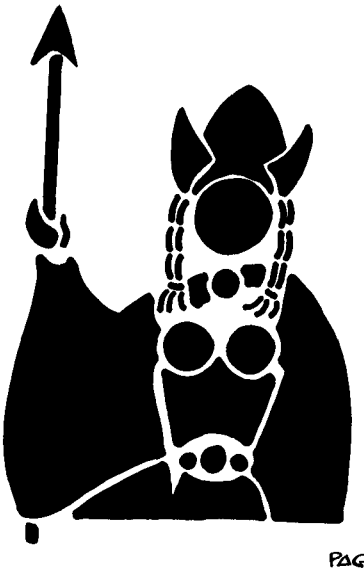
Taken together, it was a triumph of personality over principle and of self-indulgence over self-respect. Miss Callas was wildly greeted and ecstatically applauded at the beginning of the evening (somewhat less so as time passed) by an audience that was more eye-conscious than ear-minded. In such arias as *Suicidio* from Ponchielli's *La Gioconda; Sola, perduta, abbandonatta* from Puccini's *Manon Lescaut;* and *Voi la sapete, o Mama* from Mascagni's *Cavalleria rusticana,* there were scant traces of beautiful sound and only isolated passages that recalled her celebrated artistry. Even these, however, had a note or two of distinction lacking in the duets from Gounod's *Faust,* Verdi's *Don Carlo* and *I vespri siciliani,* in which Di Stefano compounded ineptitude with vulgarity. In *O mio babbino caro* from Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi,* sung as an encore, Miss Callas showed that the well of emotion she commands still exists; but her means for reaching it are sadly effortful.

By a curious coincidence, the week of Miss Callas's delayed reappearance in New York brought a reminder of one of her greatest achievements, when Cherubini's *Medea* was revived at the New York State Theater with Maralin Niska in the title role. This was not because Miss Niska projected the kind of heroic figure that Callas did when she brought the work back to prominence in Milan, in Dallas, and in London, after half a century of disuse, in the Fifties and Sixties. It was, rather, because Callas initiated an impulse that still communicates.

Miss Niska lacks the resources for a great Medea, but she is a good enough one to justify the time and effort expended by Julius Rudel's company. Miss Niska is, in my view, more a Medea for Cherubini than she is a Musetta for Puccini's *La Bohème,* a role in which she was seen earlier this winter at the Metropolitan. This may or may not shake down to a compliment; but her hard-driven sound and broad dramatic accent fit the sturdy line of Cherubini better than they do the more fragile one of Puccini.

They would be even more appropriate to the severely classical style that Cherubini evolved out of admiration for Mozart and Gluck were she to shade her emphasis more, discard the stage laugh that ill suggests dementia, and, generally, work emotionally from the inside out more than from the outside in. It was also poor judgment for her to stretch for a top C where Cherubini's preference was expressed by a B-flat.

This Medea is typical of the treatment Rudel has evolved for his valuable revivals of infrequently heard nineteenth-century operas. Miss Niska is not as dominant a central figure for Cherubini as Beverly Sills has been for Donizetti and Norman Treigle for Boito, but she is, similarly, a performer of serious purpose capable of supporting a perilous enterprise. Associated with her were Richard T. Gill's strongly sung Creon and the expert Neris of Frances Bible. Dean Wilder did not make quite a passing grade in the tenor role of Jason, but the real debit was the conventional Italian conducting of Giuseppe Morelli. □



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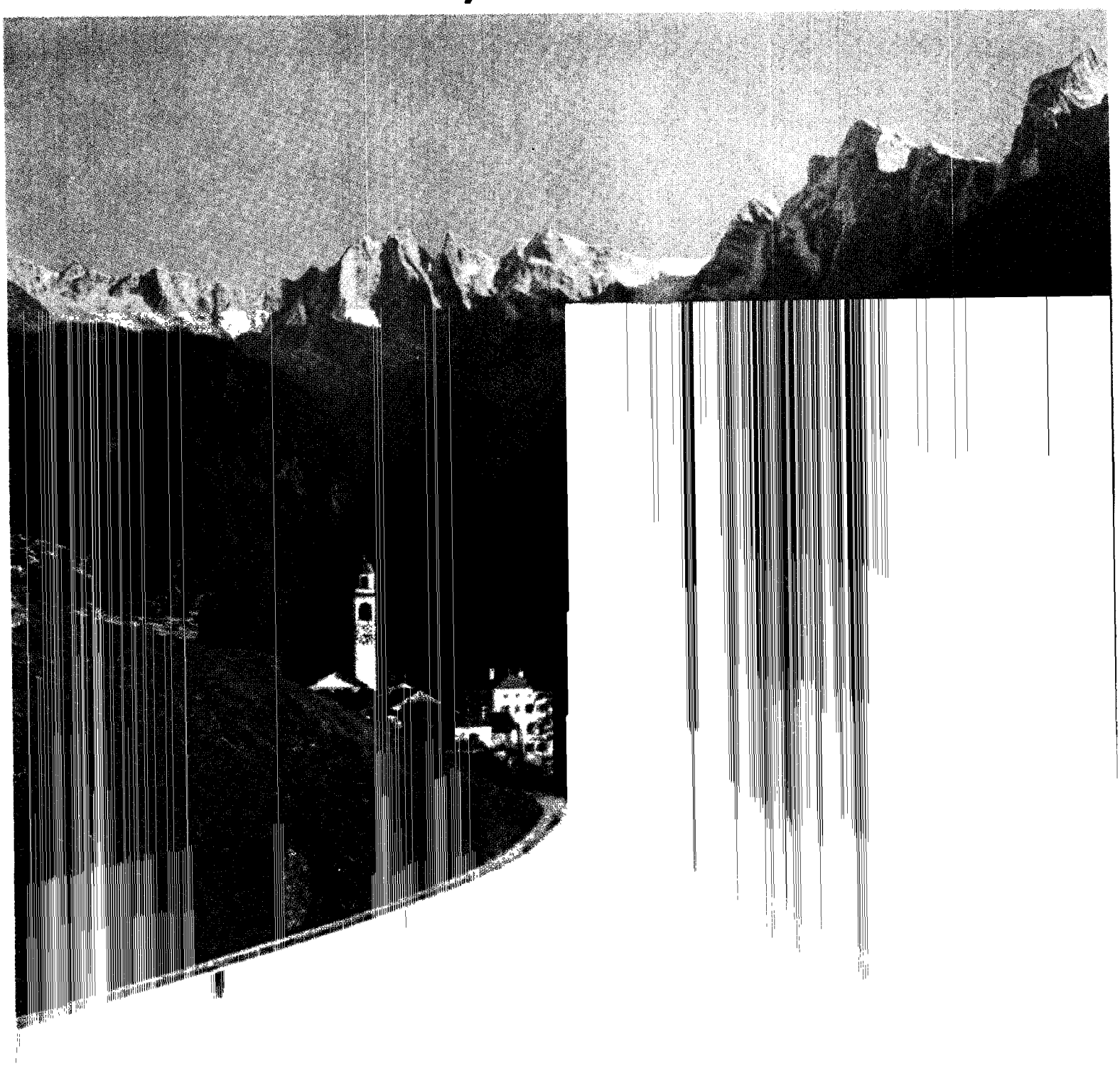

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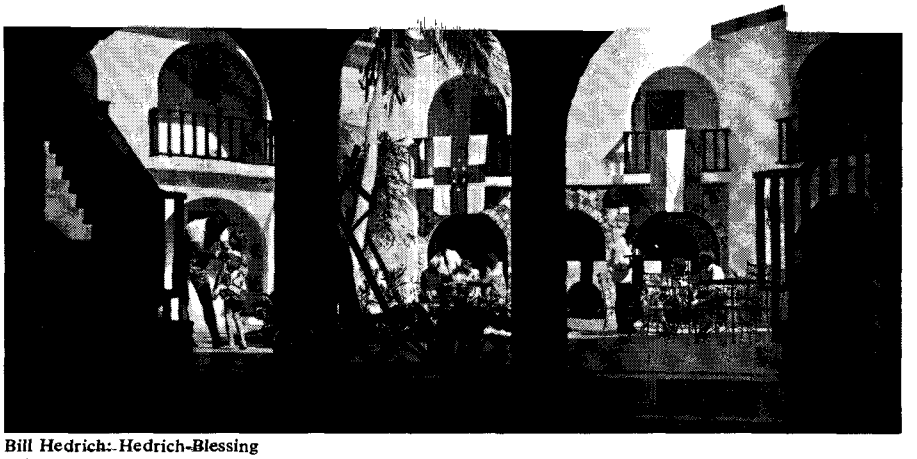
Duality Under the Palms

by Horace Sutton



Bill Hedrich: Hedrich-Blessing

Through the arches at Oyster Pond—Good Eastern addresses, good-school accents.

It would be a futile adventure to come ashore on the sandy island of St. Martin, 144 miles east of Puerto Rico, looking for Rima running about in a rain forest or Lamour supine in a bower of Gauguin underbrush. Given a swelling of the earth here and there, labeled with some grandeur on the map as Paradise Peak or Mont Diamant, St. Martin is essentially a low, dry island with a spare look. The roads are bumpy, the landscapes are often sprinkled with car wrecks left to moulder in the sun and the salt air, and the airport at Philipsburg is an overcrowded, unkempt shambles.

While these warts might be enough to turn away the visitor, St. Martin has been in a rousing tourist boom all season, the hotels packed, the cruise ships sending hundreds upon hundreds of landing parties ashore, the hotels building ever more rooms for ever more people. In a sense, St. Martin is winning by default, for politically and socially it is quiet. Claude Wathey, the white senator, has been elected again by a constituency that is 90 percent black. The weather smiles benignly, too. Casinos are installed in the big hotels. And then there is the island's redeeming feature. If it ain't purty, it certainly has more splendid beaches per running foot of shoreline than any other place that comes to mind.

All that aside, there is the added curiosity of its dual personality. St. Martin is Dutch on the southern half and French on the north.

The border between sectors is not guarded, and only on one road, passing Simpson's Lagoon on the way from Philipsburg (Dutch) to Marigot (French), is there a posted notice that one is crossing into the turf of another nation.

Both European powers, so far away, so distracted, so disinterested, have left the governing of the islands to surrogates. Guadeloupe covers the interests of Gaul, and Curaçao tends those of the Netherlands. Neither nation has chosen to do much to uplift the island, nor for that matter have the surrogates. The evidences of national personality are especially visible, as one might suspect, on the French side, where the grocery shelves are stacked with *cassoulet* and canned *escargots*, and the restaurant menus herald *escalope normande* and fish grilled with fennel.

Few Dutch accents are noticeable on the Dutch side aside from the names of side streets and a few street signs—*hospitaal, standplaats taxi's,* and that other beaut, *doorgaand rijverkeer gestremd,* which means no through traffic because the road is obstructed. Occasionally, the ear picks up, from islanders who have been sent to Holland to study, those throaty inflections with which the Dutch season their English.

There is no friction between the sectors, and in 1948 a monument was put up on the border, celebrating 300 years of amity. There have been some moments of pique, such as the occasion back in dusty history when a delegation from the French side visited the Dutch side, bringing a large round cheese, perhaps an Edam or a Gouda, which was called a "Dutchman's head." The French made sure their hosts understood the term; indeed, that's why they brought the cheese. After the meal, when the cheese had been hollowed out, the Dutch returned the empty shell. It now resembled a Frenchman's head, they said.

The French were, according to the story, not amused by the riposte. Nor are they by the tax collector who sits behind a cash register at Juliana Airport collecting three dollars or its equivalent from everyone who wishes to depart by plane. The equivalent means guilders; no French money is accepted.

One would think it would nettle the French, too, that most of the action is on the Dutch side. Even Air France must land at Juliana Airport if it wants the traffic, or indeed, if it wants to land at all. The runway at Grand Case on the French side is much too small, and it has no facilities for handling the traveler. A few French restaurants, among them L'Escargot in a little gingerbread house, and La Grenouille, in a lovely setting overlooking Great Bay, are installed on the Dutch side because that's where the people are.

Tourist cultivation, which accounts for 90 percent of the island's income, is a new venture in St. Martin. The island stopped growing cane nearly one hundred years ago, gave up on cotton in the early Twenties, and stopped drying salt in the salt ponds over twenty years ago.

In 1955 it opened Little Bay Beach Hotel, the first on the island. It had twenty rooms, all of them decorated with heavy furniture that might have suited a winter house in Amsterdam, but the beach was lovely. The old government guesthouse, where Queen Juliana once stayed, became the Pasanggrahan, a small inn on a broad swing of beach in Philipsburg. It was swathed in leafy charm and decorator touches.

Today the Little Bay Beach Hotel has 120 rooms; a casino with tables for craps, roulette, and twenty-one; three asphalt tennis courts; shows in the Peter Stuyvesant Bar twice a week; and separate dining rooms for breakfast and dinner. The winter rate bubbles around eighty dollars for two with two meals, and on boat days the beach is a mass of bodies frying on the chaises. Pasanggrahan is still a jungle garden with decorator touches, but it has managed to retain its personality even though it has added a number of wings (it still has only twenty-two rooms), and the action on Great Bay, where the cruise ships drop anchor, has become considerably more frenetic. The rates are a manageable forty-eight dollars for two on the beach (thirty-eight dollars off beach) in winter, and thirty-four dollars for two on the beach (twenty-six dollars off) from April 15 to December 14. Two meals are included, and so is wine with dinner. As with most hotels on the island, you can add a 10-percent service

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charge and a 5-percent government tax.

The modernization of St. Martin has brought with it a neat little two-story cluster of shops and apartments alongside Pasanggrahan. The star tenant is the French restaurant La Grenouille ("the frog"), where guests, implanted on the second-floor terrace, can look out to the splendid bay, while indulging in *tripe à la mode de Caen, foie gras truffé* (nine dollars for two), *scampi au Muscadet*, and grilled lobster (at $7.95, a duty-free Caribbean bargain; Gloucester House in New York now extracts $14.00 for a small crawler).

Up the block, the West Indian Tavern plays it local, straight, and not so continental, dishing up fisherman's pie, blue crabs, and U.S. beef. The tavern occupies the plot of the original synagogue, and some of the walls still stand. It is rather an ecclesiastical setting in which to sip a *piña colada*, a house specialty that emigrated from nearby Puerto Rico. Tinned coconut cream, pineapple juice, rum, and nutmeg mixed in a blender with ice makes for a creamy libation that cools while it tranquilizes.

As Little Bay Beach Hotel expanded to accommodate more and more visitors, either dropouts from other islands that had become too tense and hostile for comfort, or devotees of sun and sand, both in large supply here, big resorts blossomed on the west shore, handy to the airport. Some, like the Concord, a Caribbean branch of the Catskill arena of the same name, are so close to the runway that prop wash often stirs Saharan sandstorms on the hotel's beach.

Through some miscue in planning, the Concord's entranceway abuts on the sewage-treatment plant of the huge Mullet Bay resort that has blossomed next door, rendering the approach passable provided that you don't inhale. The central pavilion of the Concord is a splendor of Miami Siamese—curled roof, gilded buddhas, and almost everything for establishing the illusion of a night in Bangkok short of a memorial bust of the late King Prajadhipok.

The Caribbean branch, which calls itself, without noticeable self-effacement, the Concord Resort Hotel of the World, does not depend, as does its mother facility in the Catskills, on big-name entertainment. It has, instead, built an enormous casino in the true, undiluted Vegas tradition, a house of chance that offers the only keno game in the West Indies.

There would seem no way to contain Mullet Bay Resort Beach Hotel—I use its formal and full-length appellation—which began a few years ago under the supportive patronage of the Ford family. The Fords have pulled out, but the enormous project, which now has 605 rooms spread over 170 acres, is being steered by Herbert Merser, once a financial counsel to Ford in charge of the Ford credit system.

Most of the rooms are in two-story condominium blocks, which encircle a short but sporty golf course. Half of the eighteen holes must be played over water, a precious commodity in these parts. The arrangement has made of Mullet Bay an enormous encampment in which guests must be transported to meals and to beach by bus or glass-bottom boats. There are nights in high season when 1000 dinners are served.

The table of rates at Mullet Bay is as diverse and complicated as an airline fare structure, compartmentalized according to "superior" or "deluxe" accommodation; with three meals, two meals, or no meals; *en suite* or simple doubles or singles; and in season or out. A plain superior double without meals from mid-April to mid-December is twenty-eight dollars. Add about ten dollars more for an upgrade to "deluxe"; add thirteen dollars a day for two with two meals; add four dollars additional per person for the third meal; add 10 percent for service and 5-percent government tax. Before enrolling, it might be best to work all this out with your own certified public accountant.

A number of private persons have found peace, seclusion, and a tranquil beauty on the island, among them Benny Goodman, Sen. Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, and painter Jasper Johns. There are at least two public places that can offer all that to the wayfarer. One is Oyster Pond, on the Dutch side, and the other, on the opposite pole of the island, is the new La Samanna on the French side.

A minuscule, handsome hotel with only twenty rooms, Oyster Pond was started by Earl Bodine, a Chicago electric-motor manufacturer who bought 350 acres on the northeast shore ten years ago. His wife, once of Marshall Field's, has brought an individual decorative style to each of the score of rooms, which are strung in a two-tier circle around a

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terra-cotta courtyard. The effect, whether intended or not, is Spanish colonial, but the arches and the breezeways fit nicely with the sweeping views of the sea and Oyster Pond itself, a pocket-size hurricane hole that borders the French sector.

Those who would roost in St. Martin on a more permanent basis are invited to buy lots (at $25,000 to $60,000). A dozen takers are already in the fold, including a Chicago stockbroker who is finishing a $600,000 lean-to on the highest hill. More gregarious types might prefer the condominium apartments, for which land will be broken within the next few weeks.

The Bodines' new partner, Giancarlo Rossini, who has been everything from Italian tank commander in North Africa to advertising-agency president on Madison Avenue, has added an essence of middle-aged continental dash to the proceedings. The Wednesday night dinner dance, featuring *merengues* and *riijstaffel,* brings out half the island, and once all the hot sambals, the meat sticks, and the spicy peanut sauces have been demolished, the terra-cotta courtyard is a mass of flying bodies that, on the night I attended, included those of the chief of police, the chef dancing with Mme. Bodine, the bartender, the sous-chef, doing an eccentric gavotte, and the in-house customers, mostly from good Eastern addresses, wearing their Madras and their good-school accents.

La Samanna, that other nest of style and tranquility, lies dead west of Oyster Pond, on a remote spur of land not far from Mullet Bay, but over the border in the province of France. Here a string of white Moorish villas has been laid along the edge of a mile-and-a-half-long, white Caribbean beach. Faced into the cross flow of the trades, none has air-conditioning, although South Seas fans have been installed in the ceilings.

Contemporary white-plastic furniture and bright fabrics are the dominant theme, although the decorators have used Mexican tiles in the baths and scooped Mexican washbasins embossed with birds, fish, and other fauna. There are tiles, too, Italian ones, around the edge of the pool, although the stylist has gone to California for the big canvas pool furniture. A brilliant canopy of many colors, fetched from India, forms a billowing, arresting ceiling, and there are small hemp stools on which the cocktails-at-five people can sit while attending the setting of the evening sun. One would have to go down to the beach to watch the frolicking schools of pompano jumping and playing like flying fish at the very edge of the Caribbean Sea.

IN THE HIGH SEASON fourteen rooms in the main building of the hotel, the least expensive quarters, are sixty-five dollars with no meals (that is, European plan), or eighty-nine dollars with two meals. The same arrangement from April 15 until December 15 is seventy-six dollars. The cuisine, like the decor, runs to touches of exotica, although there are hamburgers on the lunch menu and some straightforward servings of beef, lamb, snapper, and lobster.

A *vie française,* of sorts, endures in Marigot, a threadbare, two-street town patrolled by a pair of gendarmes in *képi* and shorts, and, to a lesser extent, in the second town, Grand Case, a few miles up the road. On the outskirts of Marigot, a nest of small hotels and restaurants, Le Pirate and St. Tropez, sport Côte d'Azur names. Hardly classy in the Samanna–Oyster Pond style, Le Pirate is on the beach, and a stay in one of its eleven rooms will be not quite half the price of St. Martin's more stylish environs. The *prix-fixe* menu is eight dollars, but a pair of friends who ambled in for a lunch and had half a lobster and half a bottle of wine found themselves with a twenty-five-dollar check.

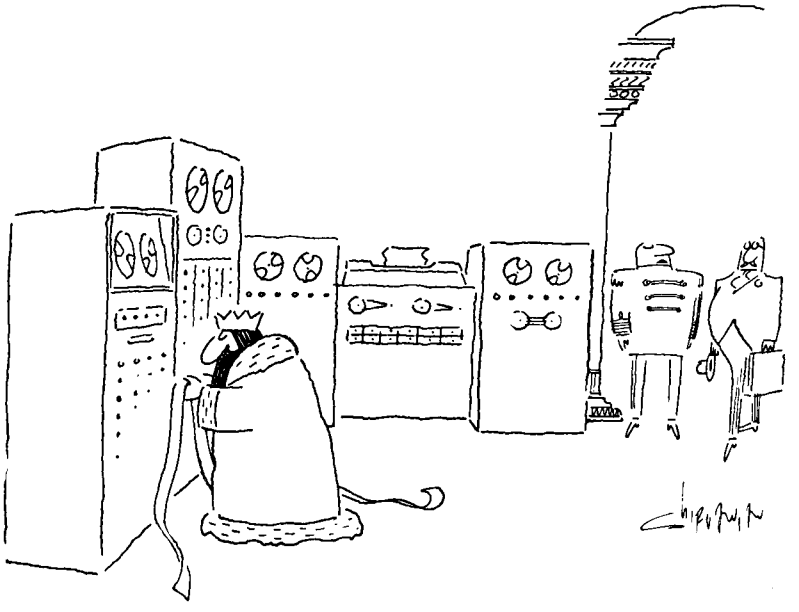
Perhaps the most ambitious menu is offered at the Mini Club, whose outdoor, on-the-sea restaurant serves quail *flambé* with grapes, lobster and crab *soufflés,* snapper in chablis. The flowering terrace is not exactly fancy, but the extraction is: about fifteen dollars each for dinner.

Boucanier—it means pirate, too—is a tiny Gallic autocratic boîte overlooking sailboats and yachts in Marigot harbor. And I especially liked the flair of Le Bistrot de Paris, which, though without view, swings with the panache of young Paris. La Calanque, on the waterfront at Marigot, gets all the marks from the old guard, but although the *poisson créole* I had there was zesty and the escargots reeked of France and of garlic, the menu is thin, and the place, for all its seaside setting, is as closed in, beamed and curtained, as a mountain beanery in Briançon.

Anybody able to pronounce it without rupturing a larynx can hide away in an efficiency apartment at the Goetz Guest House in Grand Case and cook *cassoulet, choucroute,* and all the other blessings of France available in the food stores on the French side. Givenchy, Dior, Lalique, and other hallmarks of the homeland are on the shelves, and so are the bottled goods of Philippe de Rothschild. The discontent between Washington and Paris has not yet reached this outlying parish, and one can still take refuge here, surrounded by the good things of Gaul, confident that the weather will be as balmy as the political line of nations who count each other as allies and friends. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 23): People do not deserve to have good writing, they are so pleased with bad.

Emerson



"The King is in his counting house."

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Hospital rounds start at 7 A.M. for Dr. Behrhorst, assisted by Columbia University medical students and Indian paramedics. (Students "interning" at Clinica Behrhorst earn a semester's credit in tropical medicine.)

Peace Corps volunteers teach paramedical trainees biology, hygiene, and nutrition; World Neighbors agronomists coordinate the agricultural-extension program, supplying materials and methods for improving crops.

The Human Touch

by Margaret R. Weiss

One day in 1971 Nicholas Sapieha assessed his aims and accomplishments as a staff photographer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and knew that he had reached a career crossroads. He knew also that what he did best was what he most enjoyed doing: the kind of independent, in-depth coverage that is the camera counterpart of investigative reporting. Casting his lot in favor of the feast-or-famine checkerboard of freelance photojournalism, he now has in his files adequate proof that between-assignment shooting may be more than an exercise in initiative and field research. It often yields graphic human documents that in turn attract new professional assignments.

Most of Sapieha's self-initiated projects focus on "the daily lives of individuals who see a human problem or need and do something about it"—a priest and his halfway house on the Manhattan waterfront, a resettlement community in Colombia's Cauca Valley, an American doctor in the Third World highlands of Guatemala. Between camera sorties he is based in London, where he teaches photography at the Chelsea School of Art. Speaking from experience, he tells his students, "It's important to get the feel of the place and sense the feelings of the people. Pictures must have the 'human touch' if they are to project to others your own emotional response to the environment you're picturing." For him the word *view* properly connotes both a scene and an opinion. "An image is not only a shot made from a given physical viewpoint; it incorporates something of the photographer's personal point of view and outlook on the situation as a whole."

When Sapieha showed us the photodiary he had amassed during a month-long visit at the Clinica Behrhorst in Chimaltenango, Guatemala, we felt that the "human touch" of his camera matched that of his subject. Our selection of pictures here capsules his impressions of the workaday world of Dr. Carroll Behrhorst, who a dozen years ago left a comfortable small-town practice in Kansas to minister to the ills of Guatemala's most impoverished residents—the 200,000 Cakchikel-Maya Indians subsisting on the highlands' infertile volcanic terrain.

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With preliminary support from the Lutheran church and the cooperation of the American Friends Service Committee and an Oklahoma-based agricultural foundation called World Neighbors, the practitioner of "down-to-earth medicine" has established a 100-bed hospital, a clinic that takes care of about a thousand outpatients a month, and a paramedical team of seventy Indian farmers trained to serve as catalysts for an agricultural-extension program. Improved crops and better nutrition—in this instance, the best type of preventive medicine—along with admittedly minimal, but at least basic, medical care are credited with markedly reducing the high incidence of TB and intestinal diseases.

In Chimaltenango and the fifty other villages served by Clinica Behrhorst, the Cakchikels' inbred distrust of whites and Ladinos may show little evidence of relenting. But the gringo doctor who respects their traditions and way of life does have their respect and confidence. Even the local *curandero* ("herb doctor") now submits his ills to the prescriptions of a Behrhorst paramedic rather than to his own black-magic potions. Sapieha's lens did not miss this fact—or many others that tell the story of one man's pragmatic answer to a pressing human problem. □

Clinic outpatients (right)—Sometimes 100 a day, at least 1000 a month.

Photographs by Nicholas Sapieha

The doctor relaxing at Lake Atitlan after a long day.

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(**Letters:** *continued from page 5.*)
derstood by now that universities are highly political, that much of what they do has political causes, and that almost all of what they do has political consequences.

On the other hand, I suppose it is easy to think that an institution is not political when its politics are the same as one's own. I am reminded of rich people in the Thirties who said furiously that there had never been any social classes in this country until Franklin Delano Roosevelt, by talking about them, created them.

I would expect philosophers, above all, to understand that what we believe to be true on any given question is much influenced by what we believe to be true about everything else. We do not have in our minds lists of disconnected opinions, but world views, mental models—in a word, philosophies.

An honest thinker tries to take account of his philosophy, his world view, his biases, tries not to let them color any more than he can help what he will take for evidence and proof. But to act as if one had no biases, or as if they made no difference, as if one's opinion on any subject were nothing but the product of hard evidence and logic, is, at best, disingenuous, at worst, a form of dishonesty and fraud—and one dangerously common in the academic world.

It was against this kind of fraud (among many other things) that many of the angry students of the Sixties were quite rightly (and on the whole futilely) protesting. May such efforts continue.

Meanwhile, a useful life rule: Never trust anyone who gives you what he claims is an unbiased or objective opinion. He is either deceiving himself or trying to deceive you.

John Holt
Boston, Massachusetts

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 34): stabled, blasted, baldest.

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 46

SYDNEY (J.) HARRIS: WINNERS AND LOSERS

A loser is envious of winners and contemptuous of other losers; a winner judges others only by how well they live up to their own capacities, not by some external scale of worldly success, and can have more respect for a capable shoeshine boy than for a crass opportunist.

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The Key Question: What Are People For?

Transsexuality, as you will learn (if you don't already know) from Donald Drake's article beginning on the next page, is not synonymous with transvestism or homosexuality. It is the actual physical transformation of an individual, via surgery and hormones, from one sex to the other—or at least as reasonable a facsimile of the other sex as medical science can manage. Even though my journalistic beat for many years has encompassed the often-unsettling events on the biomedical frontier, I must confess that I was shocked when I first heard of this operation.

I certainly don't ally myself with those who view every new biomedical technique as an unwarranted interference with what nature intended. But this method entailed—as do some aspects of brain research—tampering with the very fundamentals of personal identity. It seemed reasonable enough to make a surgical adjustment in the case of, say, a hermaphrodite whose physiological sex may have been rendered ambiguous by some congenital defect or imperfection. But it was quite another matter, if the individual's body was wholly and normally female or male, to effect such a drastic change simply because the patient preferred it. Over the past few years, as this operation has become relatively commonplace, I have been surprised to hear so little debate or discussion about the ethics of surgical sex change for purely psychiatric reasons.

As evidence that transsexuality is not rare, I have recently heard of three instances—not through any research effort, but merely because it came up in casual conversation on social occasions. All three cases are as fascinating as our bruised biases will allow.

In one case, those who knew the family intimately waited for the inevitable explosion from the transsexual's father, who is a gruff, super-he-man type. Instead, the man who had previously been disappointed in, and embarrassed by, his effeminate son, now became proud and protective of his lovely new daughter!

In the second case, a normal woman had knowingly married a transsexual—formerly a female but now a bearded baritone. They wanted children. Even surgery and hormones, though, cannot yet render a transsexual fertile. So the couple elected to have two children by means of artificial insemination. The sperm, as is customary in such cases, was contributed by an anonymous donor. The marriage now appears to be breaking up. One wonders: Did whoever performed the marriage ceremony understand the true nature of the groom's sexuality? Would it have mattered? Does a transsexual father have any hope of gaining custody—or even visiting privileges? Might these children of artificial insemination (which, though commonly practiced, is still not officially legal in most places) even be adjudged as illegitimate?

In the third case, the male-turned-female was, and apparently intended to remain, the married father of two teenagers. One would like to know how this has changed the family scene. What does such a bizarre arrangement do to the woman whose husband is now also a woman? More important, what does it do to the *children*? How much did these other people's welfare enter into the surgical and psychiatric considerations?

THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON points up our propensity for underrating people's willingness to accept circumstances they would once have considered outlandish—and for underestimating the speed at which this process occurs.

A few years back I wrote a book called *The Second Genesis: The Coming Control of Life*, which dealt with the biomedical revolution and its social and ethical implications. I had to keep stopping to rewrite portions of it, because so many purely speculative eventualities kept turning into fact even as I wrote. To name a few: heart transplants, frozen-sperm banks, two-way hookups between brains and computers, cryonic nonfunerals (putting bodies in the deep freeze in the hope that future science might revive them).

When *Life* ran an excerpt from the book, a segment about new advances in procreative biology, the Louis Harris organization took a poll to find out how acceptable these radical techniques might be—or ever become—to the general public. A surprising number of people said they would not hesitate to use some of them if they were safe and available. Many women expressed willingness to have their babies *in vitro*—in laboratory glassware rather than in their own bodies—under special circumstances: for example, if that was the only way of avoiding a feared birth defect.

There has been much speculation lately about cloning—the growing of babies by treating adult cells in order to make accessible once more all the genetic information they contain. In such a case, they should behave as if they were fertilized eggs. The resulting offspring would be exact genetic duplicates of the individual from whom the cells were taken. Woody Allen gets some comic mileage out of cloning in his latest movie, *Sleeper*. The hero awakens from a 200-year cryonic sleep just as the government is trying to re-create its dictator (killed in a bomb blast) by cloning cells from his leftover nose. The same theme is treated more seriously in Nancy Freedman's dandy suspense novel *Joshua Son of None*.

Inasmuch as cloning has already been achieved with the cells of carrots and tobacco plants, and, to a partial extent, with frogs, it does deserve serious thought. Fortunately, this item of biomedical technology, along with other even more unlikely sounding prospects, *is* getting the serious attention of many professional people, especially the new breed of bioethicists and biophilosophers. In considering such new capacities, it is usually safe to assume that (1) research will proceed, because our medical needs require it, and (2) once new techniques are developed to the point of applicability, someone will want to apply them.

But before research results are ever applied to human subjects or patients, the consequences need to be carefully examined. And not just by doctors—who are, in any case, not eager to carry the sole responsibility for making such unprecedented decisions. To arrive at the necessary value judgments requires hard thought and the asking of hard, human questions. The key question, perhaps, is: What are people for, anyway? Even if the answer is not easily attainable, just keeping the question before us may be enough to promote a modicum of caution and humility.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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Science

Crossing the Sex Barrier

With the success of sex-change surgery still in doubt, transsexuals continue to embark on the long and difficult process of matching body with mind.

by Donald C. Drake

It was scandalous and sensational when it happened back in 1952 to the man who became Christine Jorgensen. Some of the edge was taken off the shock by the fact that the operation had been done in liberal Denmark. But now sex-change surgery no longer seems so outlandish, especially to the psychotherapists, surgeons, and patients who are involved; and it has become, within the past few years, a flourishing and fairly commonplace treatment in this country, even at the most prestigious medical centers, for certain kinds of sex problems. To the layman, even in the face of the sexual revolution, actual sex change when the body is "normal" still seems a drastic and unnatural way of tampering with nature's intent.

No one is quite sure how many of these "transsexual" operations have been performed since Johns Hopkins University announced, in 1966, that sex-change surgery had crossed the Atlantic and was now alive and well in Baltimore.

The Erickson Educational Foundation, a non-profit group that supports unorthodox medical research, estimates that American surgeons have changed the sex of 1800 patients, while other published reports have put the figure as high as 3000. Even the smaller number is an indicator of high enthusiasm among doctors and patients—since probably no more than 10,000 persons would be considered eligible for the operation in this country.

As a rule, the only patients who ever get as far as the operating room, at least at the more reputable centers, are outright transsexuals. These are the rare people who are mentally of one sex but physically of the other. Outwardly these persons appear perfectly normal, but inside they are deeply troubled and beyond the reach of any methods presently available to psychotherapy, because they totally repudiate their biologic sex.

It should be emphasized that homosexuals and transvestites do not fall into this category. The transvestite derives pleasure from dressing in the clothes of the other sex, and the homosexual prefers relations with members of the same sex, but both accept their own sex and may even be very proud of their bodies. This is never true of the transsexual before surgery.

Doctors are understandably circumspect in accepting patients for surgery—which costs from $3500 to $12,000—considering its irreversible nature and what it represents emotionally and physically. It has become a particularly difficult diagnostic problem since the word started passing through transsexual circles that the way to get past the psychiatrist and into the operating room was to use the magic phrase: "I'm a woman trapped inside a man's body," or vice versa.

IN ADDITION TO THIS PASSWORD, most doctors are now requiring patients to live in the role of the sex they want to adopt for at least a year before surgery will be approved. Surgical candidates must undergo the hormonal treatments that will give them many of the features of the other sex, dress in the clothes of the other sex, and adopt the life-style that they will have after surgery.

"We want them to do everything that is reversible before we do the one irreversible thing, the surgery," says Dr. James A. Morgan, who does the psychiatric screening at Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. "These are very determined patients who have thought a lot about this before they come in for help. Some have even taken a butcher knife to themselves and tried to do the job on their own. I think it's better to accommodate them than to leave them to their own devices."

Wide World

Mrs. Paula Grossman (left, with spouse)—Dismissed from elementary-school teaching job in New Jersey after a sex-change operation, she has taken the case to court.

In the past, patients got nothing but psychotherapy, based on the conviction that transsexualism was a pathology dating back to the individual's childhood, when he or she developed an identification with the parent of the opposite sex and adopted that parent's gender. Though this theory makes sense, the therapy didn't, or at least it never worked, thereby creating a therapeutic vacuum into which the surgeons boldly strode.

Instead of trying, as did the psychiatrists, to match the patient's mind with his body, the surgeon does the reverse and attempts to match body with mind. This approach seems to be more success-

Donald C. Drake is a medical writer for The Philadelphia Inquirer.

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ful than the old one, though the results rarely live up to the often romanticized expectations of the patients.

"They feel that once they become women, the knights will come riding up to them," said Ms. Zelda Suplee, director of the Erickson Foundation. "They're like adolescent girls. Of course, in this respect, most of them are disappointed, but, like biologically normal women, they adjust to this disappointment. Still, they function better after the operation because it's such a relief to finally have body and psychology match."

Before this match is achieved surgically, the transsexual is caught between the ungiving straight world, which rejects him for being sick, and the homosexual world, which the transsexual finds uncomfortable.

A Philadelphia transsexual—let's call her Roberta—said her religious upbringing made the few homosexual relations she had before surgery morally reprehensible to her, but she looked so feminine, even in male clothes, that she couldn't find a place anywhere else.

"I'd worked in this place for ten years, but no one talked to me," Roberta said, emphasizing the point with excessively feminine gestures that made the brass jewelry on her arms clank.

Roberta decided to take the hint and to try to pass as a woman, but to do this she had to leave town; so she went to California. She passed as a woman with much better success than she had as a man in Philadelphia, but again found herself imprisoned by circumstances. She had both male and female friends, but she couldn't let men come close to her for fear that they would be repelled on discovering that she was a male biologically. If they weren't repelled, they would probably be homosexual, a situation Roberta couldn't accept. It was a bizarre, sexual *Catch 22*.

After working successfully as a computer programmer for eighteen months, Roberta decided to return east and have the operation. That was three years ago. She has since been accepted at work, is now married to a dance teacher who, she says, is "straight," and has just moved into a penthouse apartment, where she is just like other women.

Unlike many post-operative transsexuals, Roberta has not been forced to use her abnormality or operation as a device for making a living as a lecturer, a show-business personality, or a prostitute, a course taken by many transsexuals thrown into debt by big medical bills.

Once past the initial psychiatric screen, the transsexual starts getting periodic hormone injections. The female hormone estrogen develops breasts, softens the skin, shrinks the prostate, broadens the hips by redistributing the fat, limits the growth of facial hair, and somewhat reduces the libido.

Dr. Charles L. Ihlenfeld, a New York City endocrinologist and an associate of the American pioneer in such hormone treatments, Dr. Harry Benjamin, also claims that estrogen makes the transsexual calmer—though more susceptible to such emotional behavior as crying.

The male hormone testosterone has essentially the opposite effect. It stops menstruation, shrinks breasts, toughens the skin, promotes the growth of facial hair, increases libido and aggressiveness, and deepens the voice.

In the male-to-female operation, the outer penile skin is inverted like the finger of a glove and pushed into a cavity cut into the fibrous tissue between the walls of the rectum on one side and the bladder and the prostate gland on the other. Since the artificial vagina comes near the prostate, the pressure and friction of sexual intercourse lead to arousal and possibly to orgasm.

THE FEMALE-TO-MALE operation is less satisfying—both aesthetically and functionally—but orgasm is possible. The breasts and uterus are removed, and sometimes an artificial penis, made from skin taken from the belly, is fashioned over the clitoris made larger by the hormone treatments.

Though the female-to-male operation is less successful, the hormone treatments are more so—and, for a variety of anatomical and social reasons, the woman who becomes a man fares better than her brother going in the other transsexual direction.

Estrogen gives the transsexual the principal feminine characteristics that are readily apparent—breasts, broad hips, and soft skin. But the hormone is ineffective in getting rid of obvious masculine traits, such as a deep voice, broad shoulders, Adam's apple, and tall stature. It is much easier for a short man to be inconspicuous than for a tall woman.

Most doctors and psychiatrists working on this level with transsexuals agree that the results are positive in 80 to 90 percent of the cases, but little is known about just how successful the transformation is—or how permanent the gains are.

For one thing, results are difficult to measure and assess with so many physical, psychological, and social variables to consider. Secondly, the subjective reports of transsexuals, who are desperate to find relief, are notoriously undependable.

And finally, follow-up studies are difficult because the nature of the medical problems makes for a very mobile population that is hard to keep track of. Transsexuals frequently must move to start another life in their new sex, and they want to forget their usually painful past.

"Transsexualism is deeply mired in the unknown. Doctors are not even sure what, precisely, happens to patients when they treat them."

So it is no surprise that the assessments of treatment are often based on anecdotal material, and the few numerical evaluations that exist sometimes are at variance with each other.

Out of 200 transsexuals, Ms. Suplee can think of only a dozen or so who got married following surgery, while Dr. Benjamin thinks that half of his patients did "because that's what they wanted to do." Ms. Suplee believes that the male-to-female transsexual runs into more difficulties post-surgically because of social and professional discrimination against women in general—not just transsexuals.

Some transsexuals are dissatisfied with the results of the hormone or sexual treatments. A five-foot, eleven-inch transsexual from New York bemoaned her large rib cage and small breasts that didn't even fill an "A" cup. Another required a second operation to get rid of an Adam's apple. Complaints about hair impervious to the effects of estrogen are common.

But these difficulties are dwarfed by the social problems.

One transsexual says she was lonely before the operation and is still lonely, though perhaps not so much. She goes out a couple of times a month and has had relations with a couple of men—one was a repairman who had come to the house, the other was someone she had met on the street.

Legal complications that are both time-consuming and costly are another prob-

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Science

Environmental Search for the Source of Cancer

A look at the International Agency for Research on Cancer—continuing a series of articles on research centers and laboratories throughout the world.

by Roger Lewin

Lyon, France

Scientists calculate that more than 80 percent of all cancers are caused, directly or indirectly, by factors in the environment. Most of our research efforts have naturally been devoted to the medical aspects of cancer—the disease as it manifests itself in individual patients. We focus on what happens *after* the cancer has taken hold, in the hope of finding a cure. But it is unfortunate that, until now, the thousands of unknown influences in the environment that may trigger formation of cancers have remained largely neglected. This vacancy has now been filled by the International Agency for Research on Cancer (IARC) in Lyon, directed by John Higginson. "Unfortunately, this aspect of cancer is not a glamorous area of research," says Higginson. With an initial budget of $750,000 a year, the IARC was set up in 1965. Its budget now approaches $3 million—still a paltry amount when compared with the National Cancer Institute, in the United States, whose recent five-year budget was set at $1.6 billion.

It all started in November 1963, when a group of thirteen French intellectuals wrote to General de Gaulle, suggesting that an international effort was needed to conquer some of the pressing medical problems of the world, particularly cancer. They proposed that the United States, Russia, Britain, and France should donate 0.5 percent of their military budgets to this end. De Gaulle was not slow to appreciate the prestige of a French initiative in such a venture; so he arranged for these countries, plus West Germany, to discuss the proposal. The International Union Against Cancer also took part in the discussion.

Although these countries liked the idea, they balked at the amount of money involved. "Because people are not willing to go on record as being against motherhood and for sin," Higginson puts it, the idea of the agency was eventually given their blessing, but with a much reduced budget: The contribution was set at $150,000 per member. The agency was officially launched as part of the World Health Organization at the World Health Assembly in 1965.

From the outset there was the problem of what specific projects the agency should tackle. Clearly, there was no point in duplicating successful—and expensive—national programs. At the time, cancer research was developing along two major paths: one, trying to get an insight into what is special in molecular terms about a cancer cell; the other, attempting to discover exactly what causes cancer in man. The first path was very well trodden, but the second was not being dealt with adequately.

THE TROUBLE was that it is very difficult to extrapolate to man the results you get in animals. Higginson tells many stories of chemicals—some of them important drugs such as penicillin G—that were discovered to be carcinogenic in animals after they had been used extensively in man, apparently with no ill effects. The only real test of whether a chemical will cause cancer in man is to give it to men rather than to rats. Obviously this is not feasible. The next best thing is to look at specific human cancers and to find out what chemical or other environmental agent causes them. And this was the task given to IARC: human environmental cancer research.

The agency has four main operational units: (1) Epidemiology and Biostatistics, which gathers information on the distribution of certain types of cancer; (2) Environmental Carcinogens, which tries to spot cancer-causing elements in the environment; (3) Biological Carcinogenesis, which tries to identify biological cancer-forming agents, such as viruses; and (4) Chemical Carcinogenesis, which is concerned with the possible carcinogenicity of certain man-made chemicals.

Just a few months ago, an expert group met at Lyon to discuss the hazard of DDT *in its full context*. For years DDT has been manufactured and used worldwide with enormous benefits to both agriculture and health. It now looks as if DDT is harmful to many forms of wildlife, including the bald eagle. Because of its chemical nature, it tends to build up in tissues and may accumulate through food chains, eventually finishing up in human beings. The possible danger to man and the wider environmental factors combined to bring about an almost total ban on the use of DDT in America.

But what *is* the harm to humans? So far there is no good evidence to suggest any real danger at the low levels encountered in agricultural use. The real problem for IARC is to calculate any yet-to-be-exposed cancer risk. What we need, says Higginson, is "an educated guess." High doses of DDT in mice certainly induce tumors. But there is a great deal of species difference: Some animals are susceptible to DDT-induced cancer; others are not. For these reasons, the experts decided that DDT does constitute a clear hazard but that the risk calculated from epidemiological evidence was so low that, where desirable, it should still be permissible. In other words, sometimes the harm from not deploying DDT (deaths from malaria and other diseases, for instance) may be greater than the estimated risk of making use of it. "You have to calculate the acceptable risk," says Higginson. He points out that most people are willing to take a fairly well defined risk in driving from A to B in their automobile, or in smoking twenty cigarettes a day, but when it comes to chemicals in the environment, the sense of proportion seems to go out of the window.

SIMILARLY WITH ASBESTOS. Chronic exposure to high concentrations of asbestos can induce a cancer of the lung known as mesothelioma or markedly increase the frequency of lung cancer in smokers. It follows from this that there has been a mild hysteria in the general population about the cancer hazard from asbestos—people are exposed to very small amounts of asbestos from such sources as brake linings and building materials. After examining closely the evidence presented by researchers from many countries, scientists at Lyon have decided

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that very probably only one of the four types of asbestos causes cancer in man and that the level of risk is very low. Certainly, more people might be killed and injured in fires if asbestos had to be replaced in buildings than are now harmed by the present use of the material.

"There is no excuse for not finding the facts," asserts Higginson. The agency has gone a long way in sorting out facts from opinion on the danger of asbestos. It also hopes to gather data on cancer patterns associated with DDT use. To back up these field studies, the Lyon lab technicians will be setting up biochemical experiments on tissues, both animal and human. They hope to study the metabolism of chemicals such as DDT in all sorts of tissues and to spot similarities between animals and man. If a chemical is treated in the same way by human tissue as it is by animal tissue, then one can make a surer guess as to the carcinogenicity in living organisms. Until now, finding that chemical X causes cancer in mice tells little about carcinogenicity in man. But if it is discerned that the chemical is metabolized in the same way by human tissue as by mouse tissue in culture, there is a better chance of cancer-risk correlation in man. This sort of approach will give real cogency to many previously uncertain animal experiments.

It is one problem when you have a chemical you think might be carcinogenic, but quite another when you are faced with a cancer that has no known cause. Esophageal (throat) cancer among the French is a good example. While he was looking at the statistics for Europe, Dr. Albert Tuyns noticed that France had an unusually high incidence of esophageal cancer. Moreover, he discovered big variations within the country: Brittany and Normandy were both extremely high, whereas the rest of the country was more like the rest of the Continent. The high cancer incidence was also predominantly among the men. How to explain it? The next step was to look at other regional characteristics.

AFTER A SEARCH, alcoholism came up as a very good possibility; both Brittany and Normandy had a much higher incidence of the condition than did the rest of France. But the culprit couldn't simply be the high consumption of alcohol, because other areas with relatively high alcohol intake showed no increase at all in esophageal cancer. The distinguishing feature of these two areas is the massive local production and very high consumption of a strong spirit called calvados. Could this be the cause? It is certainly the best candidate at the moment. And just recently other scientists at the agency have detected minute quantities of a certain nitrosamine in some samples of calvados. This particular chemical is known to induce esophageal cancer in some animals. At the moment the evidence is circumstantial, and a lot more work will have to be done before anyone can be certain.

Another curious case of esophageal cancer occurs in the Caspian littoral of Iran. There, in a 250-mile stretch, the incidence of the disease varies twenty-fold between a high level in the southeast and a low level in the northwest. Aided by an enthusiastic local field force, IARC scientists are now undertaking a total environmental analysis of the area and its inhabitants, including their diet and cultural habits, to try to detect the causative agent. Will it turn out to be a specific nitrosamine present in food grown only in the south, or will it be even more subtle? Time and a lot of careful detective work will tell.

APART FROM SOLVING the specific problem, the Iranian project will provide a very useful pioneering exercise for this type of mystery. The project also exemplifies an important aim of IARC: to involve people all over the world in the environmental approach to cancer. The agency can then pass on its know-how to national scientists who can push the research even further.

There are about 170,000 new chemicals produced each year, of which some ten thousand or so are marketed. At present it is just not feasible to test all of these, and probably no more than five hundred chemicals are being adequately examined each year. To make matters worse, there is a large backlog. The IARC team hopes that, by utilizing information obtained from multi-national sources, it will provide sound guidelines to help evaluate the potential hazard of such chemicals to man, at least of those most likely to be important to modern industrial man. The agency obviously has no power to stop people from using a chemical it says is dangerous. But Higginson feels that, "If we say something is dangerous, very few responsible people will go against our recommendations. We won't preach the gospel to those who don't want to be saved."

Higginson's faith in the power of reason is very strong. Not that enlightened self-interest won't be playing an important part. A company continuing to produce a substance condemned as dangerous by the IARC will very soon attract damaging criticism—and, it is assumed, pressure to change its ways. But without the true facts, no one can accurately level criticism at anyone. The production of facts is precisely where IARC hopes to make its large, growing, and undeniable contribution. □

"No, I don't know whether a neutrino has a half-life, and quit asking stupid questions."

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(**Perón:** *continued from page 16.*)
unions, broke the power of the landed oligarchy, muzzled the press, and basked in the popularity of his pretty blonde wife, Evita—a kind of South American Mother Courage of social reform, whom the workers accorded near-sainthood when she died in 1952.

During his eighteen years in exile, he remained the idol of the working class, although he had persecuted and imprisoned intellectuals and students while he was in office. As time went by, young Marxists began to revere him, along with Fidel and "Che" Guevara—and, more recently, Salvador Allende—as a symbol of the Latin American revolution.

Since he returned to power last year at the age of seventy-eight, Perón has gained another unlikely constituency, the influential business and financial community. With this wealthy new ally, and with the continued support of the powerful trade-union movement, Perón enjoys the broadest political backing of all Latin American heads of state. Inevitably, his young revolutionary adherents feel that they have been betrayed, but rather than challenging their powerful father figure, they place the blame on his conservative advisers—thus leaving the image of *el Lider* untarnished.

"A mischievous glint in his eyes, he betrayed hopes for economic revolution touched off by the Arab oil boycott."

I HAVE INTERVIEWED Perón in all three stages—in 1946, when he boldly proclaimed that his political skill and Argentina's unbounded wealth would give Buenos Aires hegemony over the rest of Latin America; in 1957 when, embittered and in exile in Ciudad Trujillo (now Santo Domingo), he was dreaming of a continent-wide student-worker uprising that would pit his *Justicialista* doctrine against communism and Yankee imperialism; and just a few weeks ago when he was once again living in the presidential residence in Olivos, a Buenos Aires suburb. During this most recent talk, as in my first interview with him, he spoke confidently of Latin America's destiny: Presumably with Argentina in the lead, the continent would offer the developing nations an escape from oppressive domination by the superpowers.

Except for having older, heavier facial features and a strict limitation on his working schedule because of a recent heart ailment, Perón, the constitutional president of today, is physically much the same as Perón, the dictator of almost thirty years ago. When he smiles his irresistible, easy smile, he quickly dispels any traces of sententiousness left over from his rambling, self-centered speeches on ecology or economic integration—homilies that betray an almost frivolous disregard for detail.

Standing at the rostrum before Congress or greeting state visitors at the Casa Rosada, Argentina's White House, Perón appears stiff and ill at ease. But meet him at his whitewashed residence among the fountains and groomed gardens in the upper-middle-class suburban atmosphere of Olivos, and he gives a very different impression. Receiving his visitor with a warm greeting in the portico, he bounds through the house, speaking intensely about his chagrin at having to run a government when he would rather tackle global problems left unresolved by one of the few men he speaks of with genuine reverence: Charles de Gaulle.

Such declarations are more than lofty rhetoric; they are the strategy of the Elder Statesman—a strategy aimed at creating an image of Perón as "above the battle," so as to lull the ambitious men around him into submission and to create a devoted and unquestioning party machinery. Now the taunts and thunderous threats of the Fifties have given way to almost humble appeals to reason, a charming form of bunkum that has led to masterful reassertion of his once-unchallenged personal authority.

Perón is convinced that the time is right for rapid expansion of Argentina's influence throughout the world. Leading economists and even opposition politicians agree that, since the onset of this year, his prophecy has been borne out by international developments. Foremost in his calculations is the drastic rise in world food and raw-materials prices and its concomitant strengthening of Third World suppliers—among whom he foresees a pre-eminent role for Argentina.

Clearly confident that he can heal the rift within his *Justicialista* party and control a new wave of terrorism, the Argentine leader is preparing major economic and foreign-policy initiatives for restoring the country's morale and prestige. The fervor he is evoking recalls the golden years before World War II when his adherents could quip, "God is Argentine."

PERÓN HAS DEVISED an elaborate program to make up for long years in which Argentina was consumed by agonizing internal political strife. Key elements include a moderately nationalistic three-year plan of economic and social development, a determined bid for swift economic integration of Latin America, and better relations with Washington. Beyond this, because a man of seventy-eight feels that he can discern the big issues facing mankind more clearly than others can, he wishes Argentina to play a more aggressive role in international forums for saving natural resources and the environment from technological destruction.

Together with José B. Gelbard, his confidant and minister of economy, President Perón has taken a decidedly friendly position toward the United States. This stance contrasts strikingly with the vitriolic anti-Yankee posture of the crisis-ridden administration of his predecessor, President Hector Campora, who held office for less than two months and then resigned to make way for the election that brought General Perón to power in a landslide victory.

During most of the six months since his inauguration last October 12, the Argentine leader has built an image of moderation and national reconciliation that has startled veteran political observers, who feared a return to the authoritarian style that marked the Perónist rule from 1944 to 1955. Instead, he has developed a close working relationship with the major opposition Radical party, led by Ricardo Balbin, a liberal democrat, and with a business and financial community that has shifted from sharp hostility to seeing Perón as the last hope for Argentina's salvation from political chaos.

"I can assure you," said the head of a large private industrial corporation, "that there is not a major business executive left who doesn't say a nightly prayer for Perón's longevity."

But the president's moderate domestic policies and a gradual but perceptible reversal of his predecessor's stridently anti-U.S. position has put him on a collision course with radical leftists in his own *Justicialista* party, especially with the revolutionary faction of the Perónist youth movement and several student groups. It is a contest he is confident of winning, mainly on the strength of his

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(**Pérez:** *continued from page 17.*)
took power, Pérez came home. Three years later, in 1961, he was made minister of the interior and was given the thankless job of rooting out the guerrillas.

THE GUERRILLAS WERE eventually vanquished. But putting down guerrilla movements is not a pastime for people with weak hearts or queasy stomachs. As Americans found out in South Vietnam, guerrilla warfare is the dirtiest kind. Inevitably, Carlos Andrés Pérez came out of his term of office successful in what he had set out to do, but with the reputation of being a hard-line law-and-order man.

That reputation was to hurt him as well as help him in his campaign for president.

Pérez had wanted to run for president in 1968, but his mentor, Rómulo Betancourt, persuaded him that this was a bad year for the *Acción Democrática* party. The years of rule under Betancourt and then under Raoul Leoni had produced stresses in the party structure which were to lead the party to defeat that year.

But when 1973 rolled around, Pérez was ready to run. Named as the AD candidate in August of 1972 (they have very long campaigns in Venezuela), Pérez now set out to rid himself of his image as a man whose sole claim to power was his ability to put down rebellion.

Pérez decided on a strategy first developed in Florida in 1970 by Lawton Chiles, a successful Democratic candidate for senator: Chiles won by dint of walking across the state, shaking hands with the voters. In line with Chiles's strategy, Pérez's campaign was based on the notion that he was a man who had sprung up from the people and was now going back to the people to personalize politics and to encourage the highest possible level of local participation.

There were two themes to the Pérez campaign, both keyed to a careful market analysis of the Venezuelan electorate. The first, "Neither Weakness nor Tyranny," was aimed at softening his earlier tough-cop image, which had aroused storms of protest—particularly from the left wing of the AD party—when he had been named candidate. His second theme, "This Man Really Moves," addressed itself to Pérez's own seemingly boundless energy and enthusiasm (thus inferentially pointing up the weaknesses of his principal opponent, Lorenzo Fernandez). Eighteen hours a day, Pérez crisscrossed the country, working

"Pérez will certainly move quickly to take over the American oil companies in Venezuela."

behind a platoon of highly effective advance men, who never failed to turn out big crowds for his arrival and his walks among the people.

But to say that the campaign was strictly a media-oriented gimmick operation would be unfair to Pérez. The candidate of 1973 was in fact far removed from the cop of 1961. He had come to understand that in defeating the guerrillas during his term as minister of the interior, he was only dealing with the overt manifestations of the underlying real problems of his country—that is, the huge gap between the very small number of rich Venezuelans and the very large number of his fellow citizens who are very poor.

Pérez, in fact, played on a theme that might have defeated a lesser man. Almost his entire program was based on the need to cut back on government handouts for fancy new freeways or showy public projects in Caracas, and to concentrate instead on the needs of the very poor rural areas. Even when speaking in Caracas, Pérez stuck with his theme of diverting help to the countryside. It was the believability of this appeal that helped the AD to carry Caracas for the first time in the party's history.

The 1973 campaign was probably the most expensive in the history of Venezuela. Hard figures are not easy to come by, but the campaign cost no less than $30 million, with the losing COPEI (Christian Democratic) party spending about twice as much as the AD party. In a country with 10 million people and 5 million voters, that amounts to about $6.00 a voter—somewhat more per capita than was spent on the lavish 1972 U S. presidential election!

The election, held on December 9, 1973, was close all the way. But the real turning point probably came the day in September when Salvador Allende was overthrown in Chile. At that time the COPEI party, which is not unlike Eduardo Frei's Christian Democrats in Chile, was openly making noises about cooperating with Venezuela's tiny Communist party. A lot of Venezuelans reasoned that if Frei's government had led to Allende, something along the same lines could happen in Venezuela.

The results of the December election surprised even the most optimistic supporters of Carlos Andrés Pérez. He received almost 49 percent of the vote—a significant achievement in a field of fourteen candidates. Lorenzo Fernandez, with close to 37 percent, trailed far behind. Pérez's victory margin was highly significant—as was the polarization of the vote between two major parties out of the fourteen entries. The far Left and far Right were squeezed into insignificance by the results. *Acción Democrática* also rode in with a commanding majority in both houses of the Congress. Clearly, the voters of Venezuela have given Carlos Andrés Pérez an unprecedented mandate to govern—and more than that, a clear command to prove that the democratic form of government is still capable of dealing with the complex problems of a Latin American country in 1974.

Pérez will need all the political elbowroom he can muster to deal with the problems he has to face.

There are, first, very few democracies left on the Latin American continent. The tide of history seems to be running against representative government, with military dictatorships of the Left and the Right filling the gap.

But more than that, Venezuela, with its oil resources, is at a fateful point in its history. Oil has always been the blessing and the curse of Venezuela. Its production of close to 4 million barrels per day, much of which goes to the United States, has attracted unusual attention from the neighbor to the north. U.S. economic penetration of Venezuela has been intense. Pérez believes that Venezuelan assets should belong to the Venezuelans—and should be more evenly divided. The crunch is sure to come.

Recently I returned to Caracas for another visit with Carlos Andrés Pérez. I got there some six weeks after his election, but there was still the atmosphere of a political campaign in his private headquarters on Avenida Libertador, in downtown Caracas.

I found Pérez little changed in the twelve years since I had last seen him. He is still relatively lean, although he has put on a few pounds, and he has allowed his sideburns to creep a little below the lobes, in the style of today's pop stars

(Continued on next page.)

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(**Perón:** *continued from page 52.*)
own popularity, massive labor support, and a broad political consensus.

President Perón and Minister José Gelbard, described by an admirer as "an economic genius," are convinced that if Argentina were only allowed a period of political peace, the country of 22 million, once known as "the granary of the world," would almost certainly move into an era of unprecedented prosperity.

DURING OUR INTERVIEW President Perón chatted cheerily yet acerbically about the state of Argentina and the world. The themes that evoked his real passion were the protection of the environment and natural resources from man's destruction and the economic integration of Latin America as a step toward an ineluctable "universalism"—which he envisions for the year 2000.

In President Perón's view, mankind is relentlessly strangling itself by abusing the environment and by indulging in "archaic local wars" at a time when the redemption of natural resources must be the immediate common cause of big and small nations alike.

"If the big powers fail to take the initiative in this matter of ecology," he said, "they will shortly see their power on the wane. Because they are the ones who will be left without raw materials. Until now they paid us miserable prices for our products and sold us manufactured goods for prices that were way beyond what we could afford."

With a mischievous glint in his eyes, he betrayed his hopes for an economic revolution touched off by the Arab oil boycott: "From now on we shall see a reversal of this process. Now raw materials will begin to be dearer than manufactured goods."

Despite his fondness for speculating about the world's future, Perón has not lost his touch as a populist leader. Just the day before the interview, he made a speech full of homespun wisdom and goodwill, alerting the country to the energy crisis and the need for some austerity if the three-year economic program is to be successful.

During the interview President Perón seemed intrigued by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's invitation to the Latin American foreign ministers to join him in Mexico for "a new dialogue" for improving hemisphere relations. He hoped, Perón said, that the dialogue would lead to modification of Dr. Kissinger's thesis that global policies must be based on the world's big power centers—the Soviet Union, China, the United States, Western Europe, and Japan.

"I am convinced," Perón asserted, "that universalism is the future stage of our political evolution. But it cannot come imposed by the five superpowers. Because there is a Third World that also counts and wants to be heard."

ODDLY, THE POLICY of conciliation with Washington initiated by Perón, with the strong backing of Minister Gelbard, has run into its first obstacle. This stumbling block was created by the Nixon administration when it delayed approving Dr. Kissinger's recommendation to provide a waiver allowing Argentine subsidiaries of U.S. automobile companies to ship trucks and tractors to Cuba as part of a $1.2 billion deal concluded between Argentina and the Castro regime. Washington's reluctant response is seen as weakening the position of the officials in the Perón government who are pro-United States. It also provides ammunition to radical leftists who have been arguing that notwithstanding Secretary Kissinger's promises to respect Latin America's sovereignty, President Nixon will continue to impose a policy of hegemony that can best be challenged by confrontation, not by conciliation. □

(**Pérez:** *continued from page 53.*)
and politicians. He has a vitality and enthusiasm that fills a room, and the intense way in which he talks about his country's problems reflects his awareness that the task ahead is a back breaker.

Pérez is direct, candid, and not given to weighing his words for fear of offending someone. Some samples: On the United States: "Without a doubt there has been a profound change in Latin America in the last ten years. There is a nationalistic development in Latin America which the United States does not seem to understand. This lack of understanding has put more distance between the United States and Latin America than there was, say, ten or twelve years ago. I would say that U.S.–Latin American relationships . . . have to be translated into a new deal, just at it was in the period of FDR's 'Good Neighbor Policy' and JFK's 'Alliance for Progress.' "

On democracy: "We have a great responsibility here in Venezuela to advance the cause of democracy. Without any doubt, if we fail here, it will have great repercussions in Latin America. We are compelled to demonstrate by our example that democracy . . . provides the necessary energy to confront the faces of capitalism."

On petroleum: "The petroleum crisis has placed us in a position of defending our national resources—in a position where it is we who are going to call the tune. We intend to use our petroleum as an *instrument*, not as a weapon, to obtain the technology we require at fair prices and under adequate conditions."

What can be predicted about the new government's attitude toward the United States? Pérez is not anti-American: He is pro-Venezuelan. That is an important distinction for American policymakers to understand. He is going to be tough on oil. He will certainly move quickly to take over the American oil companies in Venezuela, which under current contracts were to revert to the Venezuelan government in 1983. But he sees little need for waiting—especially with the current bloated income in dollars from the new oil prices. Venezuela does not need all the dollars it will get from the sale of its oil today, not even to accomplish Pérez's ambitious rural modernization plans. It does not want to cut down on the flow of oil to its old customers. So how to resolve this impasse? Some of Pérez's advisers are urging a novel plan on him: They say Venezuelans should not object to leaving a certain amount of their dollar earnings in the United States. That would help the U.S. balance-of-payments problem. But Venezuelans do not want to see their dollars eaten up by constant inflation. Thus their solution: the "indexed" dollar. What does that mean? It means that if $1 million will buy 100 tractors in the United States in 1974, the Venezuelans want guarantees that the same $1 million will buy 100 tractors in 1980.

But Pérez's most important determination is to make democracy work in Venezuela, and perhaps to create a democratic bloc on the continent (starting with Colombia and Costa Rica), in order to apply pressure on those Latin American nations that have strayed from the democratic path.

In Venezuela, a president can serve for only five years. Five years is not a long time. But Carlos Andrés Pérez clearly intends to make each day of those five years count. □

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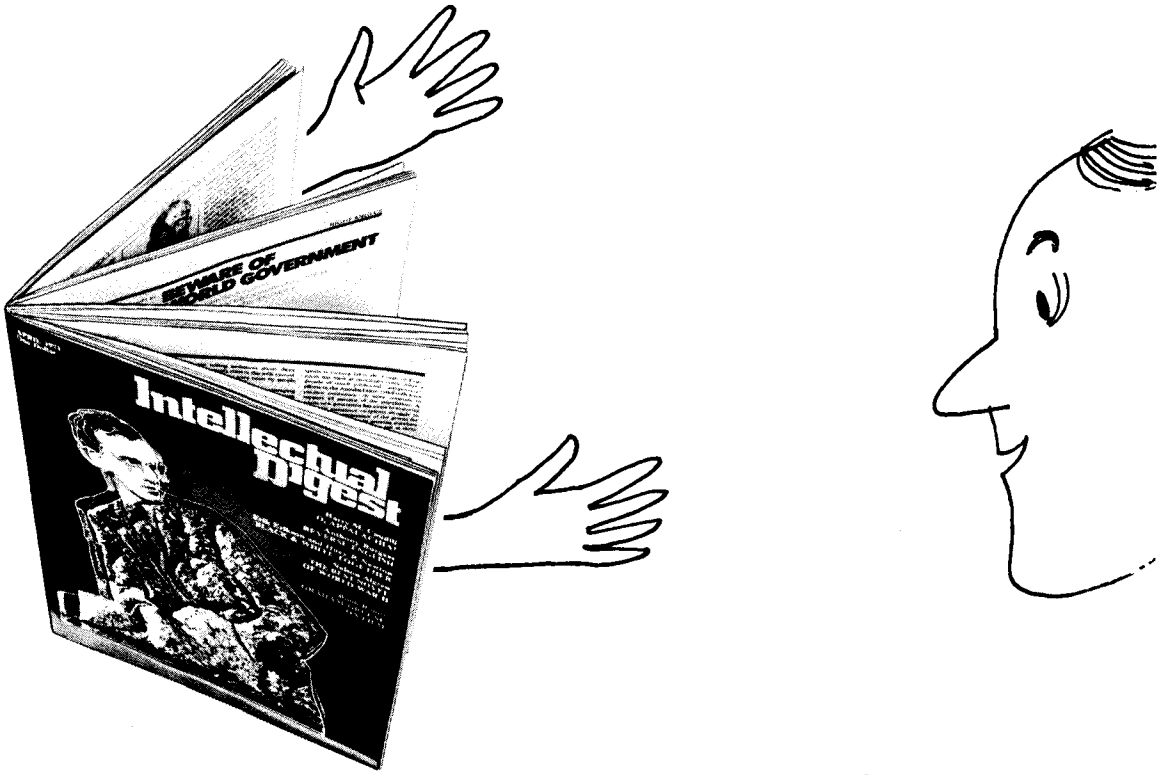

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(**Sex Barrier:** *continued from page 49.*)
lem. It's not merely a matter of changing a first name. In modern society a person is little more than what his records say he is. Thus the successful post-operative transsexual, especially if he is trying to conceal his past, must change his first name and sex on his birth and baptismal certificates, school records, military papers, prior employment records, Social Security, driver's license, insurance policies, and a variety of other records.

Miss Deborah Marie Hartin, a New York City transsexual who got her operation four years ago in Casablanca and now makes her living lecturing about transsexualism, takes credit for being the first transsexual to get a divorce and for having her name changed on a city birth certificate, a Catholic baptismal record, Navy records where she was a third-class petty officer, and even on her honorable discharge papers. Though she got a new name on the birth certificate, she can't get the Health Department to fill in the blank for sex—refusing to put in "female," the city agency has left it blank—and Miss Hartin has gone to court to make it happen.

Paul Grossman, 54, was dismissed as an elementary music teacher in the Cedar Hill School in Bernards Township, New Jersey, when he went into an operating room in 1971 and came out as Mrs. Paula Grossman. The school board thought she would have a negative effect on the children. Outraged by this, Mrs. Grossman, a fourteen-year veteran of the school system, went to court, where the matter is now being considered by the Appellate Division of the New Jersey Superior Court.

A Stanford University study, one of the few substantial attempts to get scientifically valid follow-up data, shows no improvement in the job status of transsexuals following surgery and only slight psychological improvement as measured by objective tests, though the patients reported much subjective improvement.

Johns Hopkins surveyed its forty-two patients, who reported improvement in employment, sexual relations, and personal adjustment, but the treatments didn't seem to eliminate the psychiatric problems the patients came in with—such as suicidal depression, schizophrenia, and psychopathic delinquency.

Just how much of a transsexual's psychological burdens come from social disapproval and inculcated taboos is difficult to say. Would an operation be necessary if the transsexual were accepted as she or he is without being forced into a subculture that not only doesn't satisfy basic needs but also nurtures guilt?

This very question is under study at Stanford, where therapists discovered, to their surprise, that pre-operative counseling sometimes relieved problems substantially. Patrick Gandy, who coordinates the Stanford program, said definitive therapy wasn't intended when surgical candidates were first entered into the center's grooming clinic. The goal was to prepare them for the sex they would join after surgery.

Doctors have had difficulty developing a satisfactory treatment, because they can't agree on the cause of transsexualism. Some believe that it has a genetic origin with essentially a physical or biochemical base. Others are still convinced that it is solely mental, the unfortunate result of inappropriate parent identification. The most generally accepted view, if there is one, is that transsexualism is a combination of the two.

Transsexualism is deeply mired in the unknown. Doctors are not even sure what, precisely, happens to patients when they treat them.

In a loose, general way, they might say they are changing sex or turning a male into a female or vice versa; but the scientific accuracy of these statements depends on the definition of sex being used, and such definitions are never very clear.

Stretching all the definitions to the limit, it could be argued that the hormonal sex of the patient is being changed, and perhaps even the physiologic or morphologic sex. The mental sex was out of step with the body in the first place. But the chromosomal sex wasn't touched at all. So what does the doctor have at the end of treatment?

All this is more interesting to the academician or philosopher than it is to the patient who just wants to feel totally a member of one sex or the other. Most transsexuals who have undergone treatment say they feel substantially better.

"I feel like I have been let out of a prison," said one. "It's like being given a second chance at life," said another. And still another celebrates her birthday on the anniversary of her operation rather than of her birth.

But these are subjective evaluations from persons who have reason to see things as they would like them to be rather than the way they are. Such assessments are notoriously inaccurate, but at this time there is little else to go on. □

(**Kissinger:** *continued from page 15.*)
ample, opponents of the dictator, Gen. Omar Torrijos, feel he will be secure for years once the massive Cerro Colorado copper project gets rolling. In Ecuador, which became an oil exporter in 1972, an unpopular military regime already has been saved by increased oil revenues.

According to Washington's new policy toward the continent, all this is irrelevant. Its rather special "hands-off" policy—non-interference in the internal affairs of right-wing dictatorships—ensures that poverty will remain widespread even if raw-material prices rise sharply.

But the U.S. influence—political, economic, and cultural—is enormous even without a policy of rapprochement in Washington. The economic shadow is obvious. Trade between the regions in 1973 exceeded $16.5 billion—$1.8 billion to the advantage of the United States—and U.S. private investment in the continent approached $18 billion. In some smaller countries a single U.S. company dominates the entire local economy. U.S. businessmen are not reluctant to express and promote their preferences in local politics, too.

CULTURALLY, U.S. companies provide most of the entertainment and information available in the continent—films, television, and wire-service news. Local U.S.-owned subsidiaries also bring with them a special consumer consciousness that eventually distorts local tastes to conform with the American Dream.

On critical occasions, the United States, of course, intervenes directly in local affairs. But its indirect political influence is perhaps even more important. Events in the United States are followed and are reported closely in Latin America. The "demonstration effect" is powerful, and political unrest in the United States is quickly reflected in Latin America. For example, upheavals in Latin America during the Sixties cannot be separated from the anti-war movement in the United States at the same time.

Thus, even without an interventionist policy, the United States, by its very nature, cannot avoid intervening as a domestic political factor in every Latin American country. So, once again, the basic power relationship should not be obscured by conferences and declarations. Change will probably come to Latin America some time after it has reached the United States. □

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Double-Crostic No. 47

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 G	2 Y	3 M		4 P	5 R		6 T	7 U	8 Q		9 A	10 X	11 K	12 C	13 M	14 B								
15 G		16 O	17 U	18 Y		19 U	20 W	21 O		22 A	23 T	24 G	25 D	26 B	27 K	28 C								
29 U	30 M	31 S		32 S	33 N	34 U	35 M	36 O	37 R		38 S	39 E	40 U	41 C		42 Y								
43 N		44 A	45 N	46 B	47 E	48 Y	49 M	50 G		51 D	52 C	53 S	54 V	55 I	56 L	57 F								
58 O	59 M		60 A	61 N	62 K	63 V	64 C		65 R	66 H	67 J	68 I	69 F	70 O		71 D								
72 T		73 W	74 H	75 C	76 J	77 S	78 B		79 V	80 F	81 L		82 E	83 A	84 V									
85 S	86 A	87 P	88 V	89 N	90 M	91 C	92 R		93 P	94 M	95 A	96 R	97 T	98 C	99 J	100 G								
	101 I	102 T	103 Q	104 G	105 P		106 U	107 D	108 N	109 W		110 T	111 H		112 Y	113 F								
114 D	115 J	116 E		117 Y	118 I	119 L	120 J	121 C	122 X	123 M		124 D	125 L	126 F	127 O									
128 J	129 B	130 O	131 P	132 H	133 R	134 W	135 Q	136 C		137 G	138 J	139 I	140 F	141 X		142 G								
143 M	144 X	145 N	146 L	147 B	148 Q		149 D	150 R		151 N	152 E	153 H	154 T	155 G	156 X									
157 G	158 T	159 B		160 I	161 X	162 J	163 G		164 K	165 T	166 N	167 Y	168 V	169 M	170 J	171 D								
172 P	173 C		174 V	175 L		176 T	177 S	178 Q	179 B	180 J	181 X		182 K	183 V	184 C	185 G								

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Hassle; set-to	9 83 86 22 44 60 95
B. Everyday	129 147 159 179 14 26 46 78
C. Poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes (2 wds.)	91 121 136 28 41 52 64 75 98 173 184 12
D. "Hark! From ___": hymn by Isaac Watts (2 wds.)	51 107 114 124 149 171 25 71
E. A thing found	82 116 152 39 47
F. Flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina	113 126 140 57 69 80
G. Philanthropic	104 137 155 163 185 1 15 50 142 157 24 100
H. García Lorca play	111 132 153 66 74
I. Fill the mind of with prejudice by insinuations	55 118 139 160 68 101
J. Specter; phantom; wraith	120 128 67 138 162 76 99 115 170 180
K. Daughter of David and half-sister of Absalom (Sam. 2:13)	182 11 62 164 27
L. Hangs suspended in the air	125 175 119 146 56 81
M. Unctuous (comp.)	94 90 35 123 169 13 30 59 143 3 49

CLUES	WORDS
N. Soft French whole-milk cheese of delicate flavor	89 108 145 45 61 166 151 33 43
O. "___ Among the Nightingales": poem by Eliot	130 16 21 36 58 70 127
P. English critic and poet (1906– ; "Milton's God")	172 93 87 131 4 105
Q. Close friend of Wister's "Virginian," hanged for rustling	148 178 8 103 135
R. Has another opinion	37 96 150 5 65 92 133
S. Administrative divisions of the Soviet Union	38 32 77 177 31 53 85
T. Relating to or constituting new growth	158 176 72 110 97 23 154 6 102 165
U. Ehrenburg novel (2 wds.)	106 17 40 19 7 29 34
V. "On, to the bound of___, / On, to the city of God" (Arnold, "Rugby Chapel" 2 wds.)	54 183 88 79 63 168 174 84
W. Finishes an edge of fabric	20 73 109 134
X. Comes out into view	10 144 141 122 181 161 156
Y. Peninsula separating the Gulf of Mexico from the Caribbean	18 167 117 42 112 48 2

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 46* appears on page 46.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

On Knowing What's Wat

Good show, what?"

"What, no marshmallows?"

"What do you take me for, a fool?"

"What are you taking me for, a walk?"

"What are you taking me for, ransom?"

"What the hey?"

"What a word!"

My favorite experience with *what* happened several years ago when Andy Van Scoyk was three years old. Andy's one of the sons of Robert Van Scoyk, the television playwright. I was staying with the Van Scoyks, and Andy's father and I were having breakfast when Andy came into the room, knelt on the chair next to mine, and said, "Daddy, you know what?" "No," said Bob. Andy gave me a smirk of triumph, as though he'd just won another round, and said, "Daddy never knows what!" Then he asked, "Do *you* know what, Tom?" Just for the hell of it, I said, "Sure I do, Andy."

If I'd flapped my ears and flown around like Dumbo, he couldn't have been more astonished. After a couple of seconds, he scrambled down and ran from the room, rapturously shouting, "Mommy! Mommy! Tom knows what!"

There's only one reasonable response to "Do you know what?" It can be phrased as "No" or as "What?" or as "No, what?" but the answer "Yes" carries with it implications of omniscience far more impressive than knowing beans or one's onions. *What,* in fact, carries the germ of limitless knowledge.

I ONCE HAD a *what* experience that would have had Abbott and Costello drooling.

It was in an apartment in New York. Among the guests was a son of Emperor Haile Sellassie. His date, who had cooked the dinner, was a lovely young Ethiopian woman, and the dinner was a delicious sort of stew whose ingredients I've long since forgotten. I remember that it was accompanied by a red sauce, the makings of which she'd had sent to her from Ethiopia. I think that in Ethiopia those ingredients were used mostly for cauterizing wounds and branding cattle, but, as a sublimated masochist, I love peppery foods and I won the admiration of the prince and his date by asking for more. The only things I remember about the stew are that it contained some chicken and that it was called *wat.*

I'm sure you could write the conversation yourself, but here's an authentic version attested to by me:

Self: This is delicious.
Ethiopian Girl: Thank you.
Self: What do you call it?
E.G. Wat.
Self: This dish.
E.G. Wat.
Self: The stew dish. What's its name?
E.G. Yes.
Self: No. I mean what is the name of the stew?
E.G. That's right.
And so on.

She played me skillfully and well, to the great delight of our hosts and the young prince of Ethiopia.

Abbott and Costello's great infield of Who, What, I-Don't-Know, and I-Don't-Give-a-Darn (I suppose it was I-Don't-Give-a-Damn on the stage, but I saw the film version) never displayed more razzle-dazzle.

It may be significant that What, being able to handle the various chores of neuter interrogative pronoun (singular and plural), adverb, adjective, noun, interjection, and being the repository of virtually infinite knowledge, was at second base, otherwise known as the keystone sack.

What else? □

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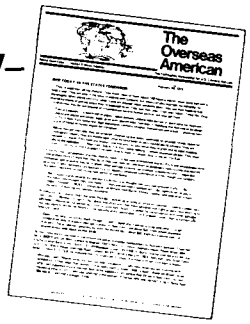

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BUCOLIC ADIRONDACK LODGES. Available half-month, month, season. July through September. Bartlett Carry Club, Rural Route, Tupper Lake, N. Y. 12986.

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PATAGONIA RANCH HIDEAWAY. Superb scenery . . . sun . . . air . . . for riding, swimming, tennis, birding. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Ariz. 85624. Brochure.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Write Rod and Ruth Happel, Caribe Adventure Inn, P.O. Box 158S, Sanibel Island, Fla. 33957.

CARIBBEAN SEA: efficiencies, private beach . . . tranquil! "CARIBEPLAYA," Patillas, Puerto Rico 00723.

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VACATIONS

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . quiet fourteen-guest inn on a meadow. June September. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852 Box 7.

DISCOVER YOURSELF—enjoy remote, beautiful beaches; delicious food and time for thinking and dreaming. Sportsman's House, Vieques, Puerto Rico 00765. (809) 741-3751.

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MAINE LAKESIDE COTTAGES and chalet rooms. Some housekeeping, efficiency units. Sandy beach, sailing all water sports. Fishing, tennis, sauna. Write: Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

COOL OCEAN BREEZES—Vacation in the Florida Keys. Swimming, tennis, fishing, boating, skindiving, bird-watching, loafing. Immaculate apartments on the beach at Pelican Cove: Box 633, Islamorada, Fla. 33036. Phone (305) 664-2811.

ESCAPE NORTH. Minnesota Lake Resort. Skilled craftsmen in residence. Secluded forest and lake country. All recreation facilities: golf, tennis, pool, beach, boats, fishing, biking, horses, chair lift rides. Lake cabins or lodge rooms, excellent food. Sugar Hills, Box 369, Grand Rapids, Minn. 55744.

WIND RIVER RANGE, WYOMING. Backpacking wilderness trips in small groups next summer. Information from Charles Doak, RD 2, Pottstown, Pa. 19464. (215) 469-9122.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed, informal vacation. $175.00 weekly. Reduced rates June and September. All inclusive. Write Capt. Orvil Young, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

ECHO VALLEY—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, S. Dak. 57751.

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CANOE THE SUPERIOR NATURAL FOREST—Join a group. Singles, couples, families. Leaves every Sunday June 1 through Sept. 1. Complete outfitting with deluxe equipment. Guide provided. For novice and expert, alike. Exciting adventure in the last remaining roadless wilderness. Write: Timber Bay Outfitters, 2705-C East 5th Street, Duluth, Minn. 55812.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE—motel rooms, efficiencies, endless beach, pool. Write Rod and Ruth Happel, Caribe Adventure Inn, Box 158S, Sanibel Island, Fla. 33957.

CAPE COD, North Truro, heated three bedroom house, sleeps 8, one minute from beach, walking distance to interstate bus, grocery, Post Office, magnificent views, private, convenient, charming, June, September, $600 or weekly $175. SR/W Box 747.

WYOMING RANCH. Beautiful mountain valley ideal for family vacation. Riding, fishing, hiking, many activities for young people. Famous for sixty years. For brochure: Valley Ranch, Cody, Wyo. 82414.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE opening May 24 for Memorial Day weekend . . . better than ever. 1500 acre Adirondack preserve spring-fed lake, 11 championship tennis courts, chef's cuisine, folk, social dancing to live band . . . delightful people. June 3 to June 28—special rates. Continental breakfast only. Brochure. NYC (212) 332-4578. Chestertown: (518) 494-2229. Write: Crystal Lake Lodge, Box R, Chestertown, N. Y. 12827.

VACATIONS

MIJAS, SPAIN. Luxurious villa situated picturesque Andulsian village. Panoramic view, 3 double bedrooms, 4 baths, terraces, garden, pool. Elegantly furnished, every comfort. Chauffeur/gardener. Maid. Available for rent from May $1500, monthly. Contact Mrs. Lagares, 7 Grosvenor Square, London W1. (01) 629-2800.

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17th CENTURY ENGLISH COTTAGE offers accommodations for visitors to Salisbury, Stonehenge, Wiltshire country-side. Hospitality of British retired couple, both qualified guides. SR/W Box 761.

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BACKPACKING, SKI TOURING EQUIPMENT, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 55. Chelmsford, Mass. 01824.

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ESCAPE TO SECLUDED TROPICAL ISLANDS in the Western Caribbean and explore ancient Mayan cities. Send for free "Discovery Kit" including maps, folders, low cost travel plans. TAN Airlines, Box 222-C, Miami, Fla. 33148.

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AUTO BABY-SITTERS—INDOOR storage. Rates LOWER than long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, Dept C, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216 (212) 493-9800.

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GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY. Join Dr. Alfonz Lengyel in the archaeological excavation of the Ancient Phoenician city of Carthage. No special requirements; team members will be taught what they need to known to be productive in the field. For more information, write: Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard St., Dept. SR5, Belmont, Mass. 02178.

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THE ONE TANKFUL TRIP—Montauk, Long Island. Service stations have pledged to remain open on Sundays to further assure motorists a worry-free vacation. Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn—Gurney's Inn—oceanfront cottages & hostelry—1,000' of the world's finest beach—Montauk, Long Island—Planet Earth—U.S.A.—(516) 668-2345—open all year—AAA Excellent—556 Mobil Guide.

WILDLIFE WILDERNESS SCHOOL offers backpacking, mountaineering and river courses in the Colorado Rockies and Utah. Accredited by the University of Colorado: for all ages. Box 669S, Silverton, Colo. 81433.

AUSTRALIA. Authentic information is freely available WITHOUT CHARGE from the Australian Embassy in Washington D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate-General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

SEE THE REAL ENGLAND in our gracious homes throughout the countryside. English Private Homes, Long Compton, Warwickshire, England.

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FRANCE. Sabbatical? 3½ hours Paris, 15th century farmhouse, available Sept.-June. Modern plumbing. Kitchen. Reasonable. SR/W Box 755.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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18th CENTURY Bucks County farmhouse available September to June. Four bedrooms. Spacious, secluded, completely modernized. Pool, tennis court, stables optional. Princeton 30 minutes, easy access Philadelphia, NYC. $600.00 per month, negotiable. SR/W Box 756.

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PROVENCE NEAR AVIGNON. House on ramparts, completely renovated, charming, comfortable. 2 terraces, courtyard, 2 bedrooms, central heating. Summer $650 mo., winter $300 mo. Mrs. M. T. Kubik, 9 Commonwealth Ave., Boston (617) 266-0602.

IRELAND—Traditional thatched-roof cottage overlooking Shannon. Box 1249, Stowe, Vermont. 05672.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

SUMMER RENTAL

ALL ELECTRIC CHALET. Southern Vermont Mountains. Weekly/Monthly. SR/W Box 732.

MANHATTAN—East 72nd St. 3-4 bedrooms, 35' living room, air conditioning. Elevator/doorman. June 10-Labor Day. $650 plus electricity. June 10-Labor Day. (212) 988-9190 .SR/W Box 757.

FAYSTON, Vermont, near Sugarbush. Contemporary chalet nestled in trees. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, dishwasher, 2 balconies, Franklin stove. Mile from village. Season/monthly. Robert Desley, 58 Jane Street, Hartsdale, N.Y. 10530. (914) 428-6851.

VILLA RENTALS. Personally inspected deluxe villas for your holiday, many with staff and private pool. Europe, Caribbean & Mexico. For Particulars: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th Street, NYC 10022. (212) 421-9165.

CABIN NEAR GLACIER PARK—Panorama Ranch, Star Route, Columbia Falls, Mont. 59912.

MOUNTAIN VIEW DREAM HOUSE in Southwest Harbor, Maine. June-September. Weekly, monthly, seasonal. Call owner: (203) 649-6556.

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SQUAM LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Pleasant house, unsurpassed panoramic view, beach, privacy. SR/W Box 766.

SUMMER RENTAL

WANTED

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE. House. 3-4 bedrooms. July. Prefer Woodstock/Hanover or Northeast Massachusetts areas. SR/W Box 763.

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RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR/W Box 635.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10003.

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WRITER/SINGER desires furnished N.Y.C. apartment. Piano, Central Park view. Below 86th. One-year sublet. $275. SR/W Box 714.

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HISTORIC IRISH ISLAND, 1,500 acres, abandoned village, half-mile beach. 4332 Albemarle N. W., Washington, D.C. 20016.

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SPAIN—COSTA DEL SOL. Villas, apartments, land for sale. Professional, personalized service for Americans. Write: LUKASOL, Calle Africa 2, Marbella, Spain.

KEUKA—(N.Y. Finger Lake) cottage + lot, $25,000. J. Burba, 222 Longview, Rochester, N.Y. 14609.

PROPERTY FOR SALE—IRELAND. $25,000 (cash). 42 acres, cottage and barn, all electrical utilities, fireplaces, furnished. Scenic view, mountains, near beach. 18 miles outside Westport, Co. Mayo. Call (212) 867-0029 after 6, or write Joseph King, Solicitor, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

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OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES—Now Available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MT, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

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PH.D. PSYCHOLOGIST: $18,000.00/$20,000.00 annually, full fringe benefits. 5 years clinical experience. Duties: Director of Community Services, Coordinator of Addiction Programs, Director of In-Service Training. Send resume to Mr. James L. Anthony, Administrator, LaPorte County Comprehensive Mental Health Center, 901 Washington Street, Michigan City, Ind. 46360, (219) 872-7279.

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COUNSELORS and other personnel for Bonnie Brae Camp for Boys in Millington, N.J. Top salaries for qualified applicants. June 26 to August 23. Write: Director, 1 Bradford Avenue A 15 B 19 Trenton, N.J. 08610.

LUCRATIVE WORLDWIDE JOBS. Monthly Employers Reports $2.00. Alexander, Box 357-W, South Pasadena, Calif. 91030.

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Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Won at International Expositions held throughout the world for over 40 years.

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Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, *Perth, Scotland*

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Dewar's never varies.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

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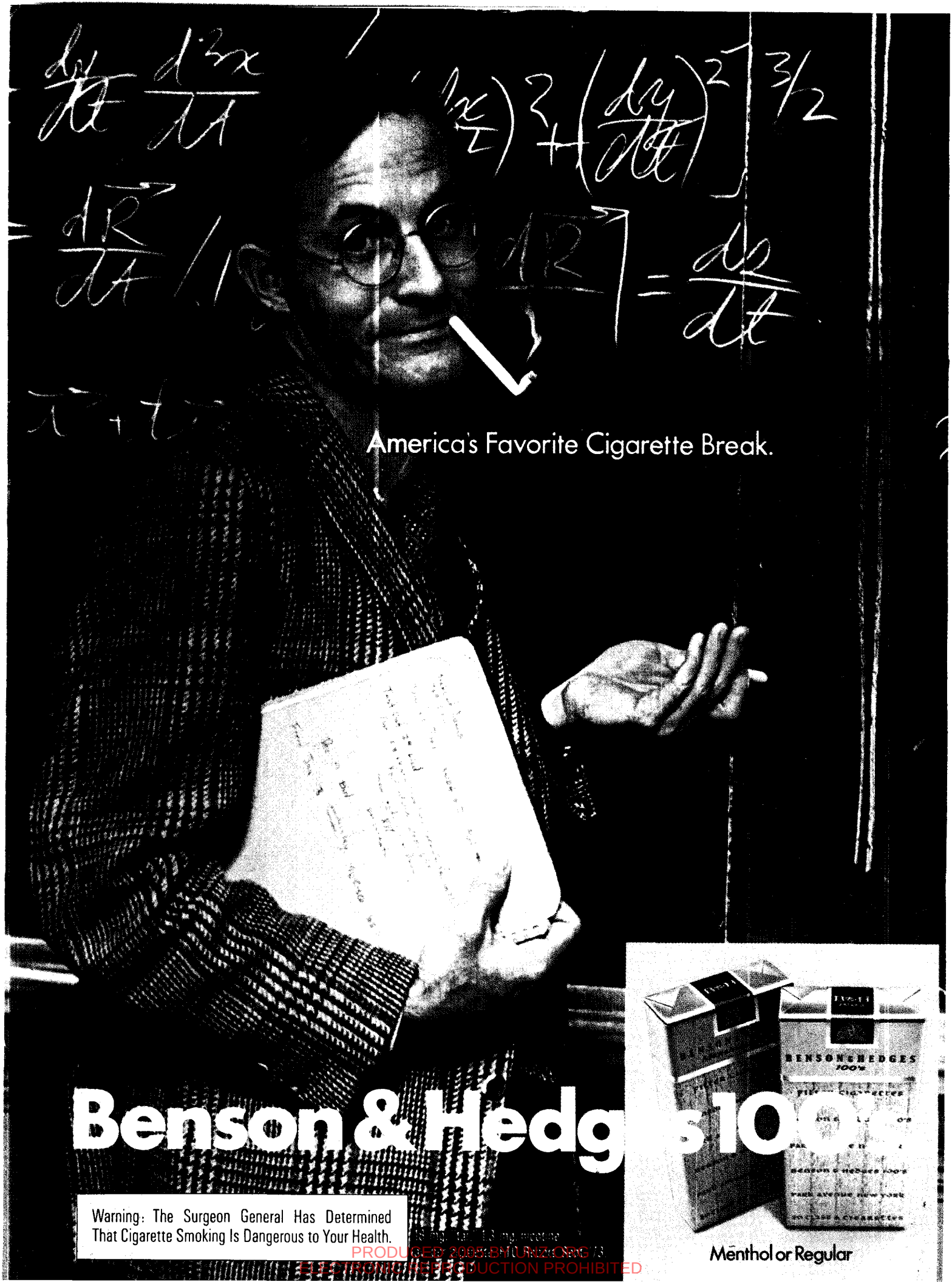
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